

ASTARTE.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

THE exquisite engraving of Astarte, that is here presented, reveals as truly to the beholder,—as the poem does to the reader—the sister of Manfred, who appears but as a phantom. The figure shows not life nor death: the hands, though raised in mild reproach, are stiff and frozen there in rigid firmness, as if sculptured out of solid marble; nor does she seem of breathing clay, being dust and ashes,—the spirit only seems to glow—wearing the semblance of its earthly form—lending a contrite and remorseful look, in dim and shadowy sorrow.

We read of her, as once blooming in purity and innocence, with mind and features like her brother, but of a far gentler and humbler nature:—

She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
But softened all, and tempered into beauty:
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe; nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
And tenderness—but that I had for her;
Humility—and that I never had.

Astarte withers, like a blighted lily, and broken hearted perishes.

Manfred, though immortal, finds no happiness

in knowledge and enduring life, so seeks forgetfulness or death. Through his power over the spirits, he obliges Nemesis to call up the Phantom of Astarte, whose aid he invokes in the following touching passages; finally receiving from her the knowledge that his earthly ills will end in death.

Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perished leaf.
It is the same! Oh God! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—
Forgive me or condemn me.

* * * * *
Hear me, hear me—

Astarte! my beloved! speak to me;
I have so much endured—so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee
more
Than I am changed for thee.

* * * * *
I cannot rest.

I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—speak to me!

* * * * *

Speak to me! tho' it be in wrath; but say—
I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!

From Fraser's Magazine, Jan. 1854.

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

LET us speak low, the Infant is asleep.
The frosty hills grow sharp, the day is near,
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new-born year;
Hush! the infant is asleep;
Monarch of the Day and Night,
Whisper, yet it is not light,
The infant is asleep.

Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow,
His closed eyes shall wake to laugh and weep;
His lips shall curl with mirth and writhe with sorrow,
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep;

Softly, softly, let us keep
Our vigils; visions cross his rest,

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Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he be asleep.

Now Life and Death arm'd in his presence wait,
Genii with lamps are standing at the door;
Oh! he shall sing sweet songs, he shall relate
Wonder, and glory, and hopes untold before.
Murmur memories that may creep
Into his ears, of old sublime;
Let the youngest born of Time
Hear music in his sleep.

Quickly he shall awake, the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the unrisen sun
Hath kiss'd his brow with promise of its light,
His cheek is red with victory to be won.
Quickly shall our king awake,
Strong as giants, and arise;
Sager than the old and wise
The Infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be froward, wild, and thwart;
His gladness fitful, and his angers blind;

But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart —
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and
kind.

He shall give delight, and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe;
Raise the dead, and touch with youth;
Oh! sing that he may wake!

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh?
Where is his armor and his laurel crown?
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,
And win him kingdoms wider than his own:
Like the earthquake he shall shake
Cities down, and waste like fire;
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,
When he shall awake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosed eyes
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies.
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, wing'd with
wars:
For in the pauses of dread hours
He shall fling his armor off,
And like a reveller sing and laugh,
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Ofttimes in his Midsummer he shall turn
To look on the dead blooms with weeping
eyes;
O'er ashes of frail Beauty stand and mourn,
And kiss the bier of stricken Hope with sighs.
Ofttimes like light of onward seas,
He shall hail great days to come,
Or hear the first dread note of doom,
Like torrents on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows, and severest pleasures,
And his crown'd age upon the top of Time
Shall throne him, great in glories, rich in
treasures.

The sun is up, the day is breaking,
Sing ye sweetly, draw anear,
Immortal be the new-born year,
And blessed be its waking.

IF THAT WERE TRUE!

'Tis long ago, — we have toiled and traded,
Have lost and fretted, have gained and grieved,
Since last the light of that fond faith faded,
But, friends — in its day — what we believed!
The poet's dreams and the peasant's stories,
Oh, never will time that trust renew!
Yet they were old on the earth before us,
And lovely tales, — had they but been true!

Some spake of homes in the greenwood hidden,
Where age was fearless and youth was free,
Where none at life's board seemed guests unbid-
den,

But men had years like the forest tree;
Goodly and fair and full of summer,
As lives went by when the world was new,
Ere ever the angel steps passed from her, —
Oh, dreamers and bards, if that were true!

Some told us then of a stainless standard,
Of hearts that only in death grew cold,
Whose march was ever in freedom's vanguard,
And not to be stayed by steel or gold.
The world to their very graves was debtor,
The tears of her love fell there like dew, —
But there had been neither slave nor fetter
This day in her realms, had that been true!

Our hope grew strong as the giant slayer. —
They told that life was an honest game,
Where fortune favored the fairest player,
And only the false found loss and blame; —
That men were honored for gifts and graces,
And not for the prizes folly drew;
But there would be many a change of places
In hovel and hall, if that were true!

Some said to our silent souls, what fear ye?
And talked of a love not based on clay,
Of faith that would neither wane nor weary,
With all the dust of the pilgrim's day. —
They said that fortune and time were changers,
But not by their tides such friendships grew;
Oh, we had never been trustless strangers
Among our people, if that were true!

And yet since the fairy time hath perished,
With all its freshness from hills and hearts,
The last of its lore so vainly cherished,
Is not for these days of schools and marts.
Up, up! for the heavens still circle o'er us,
There's wealth to win and there's work to do,
There's a sky above, and a grave before us,
And, brothers, beyond them all is true!

FRANCES BROWN.

London, 1853.

From Punch.

THE CZAR'S TE DEUM.

Hark! what hymn to Heaven ascendeth,
Whilst his knees the Tyrant bendeth!
Thanks for murder, havoc, ruin,
Is the pious roar of BRUX.

Thanks for shot and thanks for shell
On defenceless men that fell,
By no angel turned askew,
To their deadly mission true.

Thanks for unrestricted Might,
Not as triumphing in fight,
Not as having victory won,
But a wholesale murder done.

Thanks for license, such as needs
For Imperial acts and deeds,
That great Czar who rules the region
Whose inhabitants are Legion.

Mr. Bentley, the publisher, states that his experiment of publishing new novels, at a greatly-reduced price per volume, has not been sufficiently supported to warrant its continuance.

From the Christian Observer.

On the Lessons in Proverbs; being the Substance of Lessons delivered to Young Men's Societies.
By R. C. TRENCH, B. D. Second Edition.
London: J. W. Parker. 1851.

In a former Number, we strongly recommended to our readers Mr. Trench's work "On the Study of Words." We are glad to have to introduce to them another book of a similar kind and of kindred interest.

In his former work, the author developed in a striking manner the idea, that "words are a kind of current coin." There is a similar use in "proverbs;" and they, like words, give us much information about the character and habits of those among whom they have been current. The fact of their being generally received and acted upon is quite sufficient to recommend them to our attention; and we may well afford to disregard with Mr. Trench, the authority of Lord Chesterfield, who says that no man of fashion ever uses a proverb. The following is an appeal, of equal good sense and eloquence in favor of the study of proverbs—a course which, though unfortunately falling under the displeasure of fine gentlemen, is recommended by the example of Aristotle, Bacon, and Shakspeare, to say nothing of yet higher authorities.

I am sure if we bestow on them ourselves even a moderate share of attention, we shall be ready to set our own seal to the judgment of wiser men that have preceded us here. For, indeed, what a body of popular good sense and good feeling, as we shall then perceive, is contained in the better, which is also the more numerous, portion of them; what a sense of natural equity, what a spirit of kindness, breathes out in many of them; what prudent rules for the management of life; what shrewd wisdom which, though not of this world, is most truly for it, what frugality, what patience, what perseverance, what manly independence are continually inculcated by them. What a fine knowledge of the human heart do many of them display; what useful and not always obvious hints do they offer on many most important points, as on the choice of companions, bringing up of children, the bearing of prosperity and adversity, the restraint of all immoderate expectations. And they take a yet higher range than this; they have their ethics, their theology, their views of man in his highest relations of all, as man with his fellow-man, and man with his Maker. Be these always correct or no, and I should be far from affirming that they always are, the student of humanity, he who, because he is a man, counts nothing human to be alien to him, can never neglect or pass them by.

The value of teaching by means of proverbs is shown by the highest of all authorities, for not only is one whole book of the Scriptures made up of proverbs, but we find our Lord himself employing them:—

On the occasion of his first open appearance in the Synagogue of Nazareth, he refers to the proverb, *Physician, heal thyself*, (Luke iv. 23.), as one which his hearers will perhaps bring forward against himself; and again presently to another, *A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country*, as attested in his own history; and at the well of Sychar he observes, "Herein is that saying," or that proverb, "true"—*One soweth and another reapeth*, (John iv. 37.) But He is much more than a quoter of other men's proverbs; He is a maker of his own. As all forms of human composition find their archetypes and their highest realization in Scripture, as there is no tragedy like Job, no pastoral like Ruth, no lyric melodies like the Psalms, so we should affirm no proverbs like those of Solomon, were it not that a greater than Solomon has drawn out of the rich treasure-house of the Eternal Wisdom a series of proverbs more costly still: for, indeed, how much of our Lord's teaching, especially as recorded in the first three Evangelists, is thrown into this form: and how many of his words have in this shape passed over as faithful sayings upon the lips of men; and in so doing, have fulfilled a necessary condition of the proverb, whereof we shall presently have to speak.

After bringing forward this weight of testimony to the value of proverbs, and thus showing how much we may expect from an analysis of their nature and their effect upon the human mind, Mr. Trench addresses himself to his work, and proves that he has no wish to avoid difficulties, by at once entering on that most difficult enterprise—making a definition.

It would be strange if so good a mark as a proverb presents for the ingenuity of definers had hitherto escaped the attempts of the learned. Accordingly Mr. Trench has not so much to invent a definition himself as to examine the definitions of others:—

"Nothing," he observes, "is harder than a definition. While on the one hand there is no easier task than to find a fault or flaw in the definitions of those who have gone before us; nothing on the other is more difficult than to propose one of our own, which shall not also present a vulnerable side. Some one has said that these three things go to the making of a proverb,—shortness, sense, and salt. In brief, pointed sayings of this kind, the second of the qualities enumerated here, namely sense, is sometimes sacrificed to aliteration. I would not affirm that it is so here; for the words are well spoken, though they do not satisfy the rigorous requirements of a definition, as will be seen when we consider what the writer intended by his three *esses*, which it is not hard to understand. The proverb, he would say, must have *shortness*; it must be succinct, utterable in a breath; it must have *sense*, not being, that is, the mere small talk of conversation, slight and trivial, else it would perish as soon as born, no one taking the trouble to keep it alive: it must have *salt*, that is, besides its good sense; it must in its manner and outward form be pointed and pungent, having a sting in it, a barb which shall

not suffer it to drop lightly from the memory. Yet, regarded as a definition, this of the triple *s* fails, as I have said: it indeed errs both in defect and excess."

We are not sure that we quite agree with Mr. Trench in these objections; but we shall lay the substance of them before our readers, and let them judge. We will take the latter objection first:—

"As respects shortness," says our author, "it is quite certain that a good proverb will be short—as short, that is, as is compatible with the full and forcible conveying of that which it intends. Brevity, 'the soul of wit,' will eminently be the soul of a proverb's wit. But still shortness is only a relative term, and it would perhaps be more accurate to say that a proverb must be *concise*, cut down, that is, to the fewest possible words—condensed quintessential wisdom. But that, if it only fulfil this condition of being as short as possible, it need not be absolutely very short, there are sufficient examples to prove."

We must take leave to observe that it would be hardly sufficient to put no more restraint on the length of a proverb, than that it should not be longer than can be helped. There is a degree of absolute length, we cannot help thinking, beyond which the unity of idea necessary to the force of a proverb would be lost, though we should not of course assign a given number of words which ought not to be exceeded. And we think we are borne out by Mr. Trench's own example, which he says Freytag has admitted as a proverb, but which he confesses "hovers on the confines of the fable. *They said to the camel-bird [i. e. ostrich], carry. It answered, I cannot, for I am a bird. They said, fly. It answered, I cannot, for I am a camel.*" This could not be shorter, as Mr. Trench justly observes; but still it is not short enough, nor is the main idea presented in a simple enough form to give the idea ordinarily attached to a proverb. We should be inclined to do what Mr. Trench seems to have half thought of doing, and to call it a fable.

Again, Mr. Trench brings the objection against the definition he has been considering, that "it errs in defect." For he says:—

It has plainly omitted one quality of the proverb, and the most essential of all. I mean popularity, acceptance, and adoption on the part of the people. Without this popularity, without these suffrages and this consent of the many, no saying, however brief, however wise, however seasoned with salt, however worthy on all these accounts to have become a proverb, however fulfilling all its other conditions, can yet be esteemed as such.

If Mr. Trench insists on this point, it is obvious that the word proverb must be understood in a more restricted sense than common.

A great many sayings which ordinarily receive the name, might be excluded if it were necessary to prove for them general acceptance. We do not think the plea of popularity could be urged in behalf of a large proportion of the Proverbs of Solomon. And further, it would be very difficult to draw the line in any given case, or to determine exactly what amount of currency established the claim to the title. We agree with Mr. Trench, that the definition does not comprehend all the requisites for a proverb; but we should be apt more to consider popularity as the acknowledgment on the part of the world in general of the possession of such requisites, than as a requisite in itself. And we can quite conceive cases in which those requisites are perceived by only a few,—in which case the saying in question will be called a proverb by the wise and learned, but will not be understood, or not appreciated by the vulgar. And this is actually the case with several sayings which Mr. Trench quotes as quite worthy to be proverbs, but which have never obtained the stamp of popular favor. We may, if we like, distinguish popular proverbs from others, if indeed we can make out exactly which possess the required qualification; but to exclude all others does not appear to us to be consistent at least with ordinary usage.

So much for the definition. We hasten to other points of interest from which the expression of our own humble opinion may perhaps be detaining wearied and impatient readers:—

Let us now consider if there be any other which some have sometimes proposed as essential notes of the proverb, which are yet in fact accidents, such as may be present or absent without affecting it vitally.

One of these supposed requisites for a proverb is that it should be figurative. A few well-chosen examples at once dispel this illusion. *Haste makes waste*; *Honesty is the best policy*; are certainly as plain and matter of fact as they are just and forcible:—

"The error has arisen," says our author, "from taking that which belongs certainly to very many proverbs, and those, oftentimes the best and choicest, and transferring it, as a necessary condition to all. Thus much of truth those who asserted it certainly had, namely, that the employment of the concrete instead of the abstract is one of the most frequent means by which it obtains and keeps its popularity."

Of this several good examples are given. *He who waits for dead men's shoes, may go barefoot. More are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean.* These two propositions would be exceedingly tame if stated in ordinary language. Thus, "Poverty will be his lot who

waits to be rich by other men's deaths." "More perish by intemperance than are drowned in the sea." The latter proverb gains also, as Mr. Trench justly observes, by the apparent paradox of the wine-cup destroying more than the ocean; in the justifying of which he says there is a process of mental activity oftentimes so rapidly exercised as scarcely to be perceptible, yet not the less accompanied with pleasurable excitement.

Our attention is next directed to one or two "other helps which the proverb employs for obtaining currency amongst men, for being listened to with pleasure by them, for not slipping from the memories of those who have once heard it,—yet helps which are evidently so separable from it, that none can be in danger of affirming them essential parts or conditions of it."

The first of these helps is rhyme, of which we have the following instances:—*No pains, no gains. Little strokes fell great oaks. East, West, home is best. Who goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing.* Next in order comes alliteration, illustrated with equal aptness. *Frost and fraud both end in foul. Out of debt, out of danger.* A third help, to borrow Mr. Trench's expression, is "a certain pleasant exaggeration, the use of the figure hyperbole." "Thus the Persians say, *A needle's eye is wide enough for two friends, the whole world is too narrow for two foes*; and the Arabs, of a man whose good luck seems never to forsake him, so that from the very things which would be another man's ruin, he extricates himself not merely without harm, but with profit and credit—of such an one they say, *Fling him into the Nile, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth.*"

The dependence of proverbs on the form of their expression is shown by the difficulty generally found in translating them from one language to another, by which process their point is apt to be lost, although to this rule there are some striking exceptions.

The first of Mr. Trench's twelve lectures, which is headed, "The form and generation of proverbs," closes with a brief notice of the latter part of the subject—a subject on which, the author observes, whole volumes have been written, but without any very satisfactory result, owing to the difficulty of determining historically the circumstances from which proverbs have sprung, and to which they owe their existence.

The cases where this is possible are exceedingly rare, as compared with the far greater number where the first birth is veiled, as is almost all birth, in mystery; and even in respect of those few exceptions to this law, it must remain often a question whether a story has not been subsequently imagined for a proverb, rather than that the proverb has indeed sprung out of the history.

Mr. Trench gives two or three instances of known circumstances from which proverbs have arisen,—one of which our readers will, no doubt, remember in 1 Sam. x. 10—12, where it is explained how the question "*Is Saul also among the prophets?*" became a proverb in Israel.

The Greek proverb *The cranes of Ibycus*, equivalent to our *Murder will out*, has likewise a well-ascertained historical origin. The poet Ibycus, who was murdered by robbers, called, as he was dying, on a flight of cranes who were overhead, and were the only living creatures in sight, to avenge his death. One of the murderers afterwards seeing the birds again, betrayed himself by saying, "Behold the avengers of Ibycus," and suspicion having been excited, the whole story came out, and the poet was avenged in a way that neither he himself nor his murderers could have expected.

Mr. Trench's second lecture deals with a most comprehensive and interesting part of his subject, "The proverbs of different nations compared." We quote the introduction:—

"The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs." This is Lord Bacon's well-worn remark; although, indeed, only well-worn because of its truth. "In them," it has been further said, "is to be found an inexhaustible source of precious documents in regard of the interior history, the manners, the opinions, the beliefs, the customs of the people, among whom they have had their course." Let us put these assertions to the proof, and see how far in this people's or that people's proverbs, its innermost heart speaks out to us; how far the comparison of the proverbs of one nation with those of others may be made instructive to us; what it will tell us severally about each.

In pursuance of this design, Mr. Trench takes the proverbs of several different nations in succession.

That which strikes one most in the study of Greek proverbs, and which, the more they are studied, the more fills one with wonder, is the evidence they yield of a leavening through and through of the entire nation with the most intimate knowledge of its own mythology, history, and poetry.

In many and most important respects the Greek proverbs, considered as a whole, are inferior to those of many nations in the modern world. This is nothing wonderful. Christianity would have done little for the world, would have proved very ineffectual for the elevating and deepening of man's life, if it had been otherwise; but as bearing testimony to the high intellectual training of the people who employed them, to a culture not restricted to certain classes, but which must have been diffused through the whole nation, no other collection can bear the remotest comparison with this.

From early association we are very apt to class the Greeks and Romans together; but their national characters were very different, and so were their proverbs. Those of the Romans are much fewer in number than those of the Greeks; hardly any of them are legendary or mythological; very few have much poetry about them, or any very rare delicacy or refinement of feeling. Yet it may be set against this that they are business-like and practical, frugal and severe; and it is worthy of observation that in the number which relate to farming, they bear witness to that strong and lively interest in agricultural pursuits, which was so remarkable a feature in the old Italian life.

Of modern families of proverbs, the first mentioned are those of Spain, which country, Mr. Trench observes, is probably richer in this province of literature, both in quantity and quality, than any other country in the world. The characteristics most prominent in Spanish proverbs are those which we should naturally expect from the national character. This we shall leave Mr. Trench to state and illustrate in his own words.

We should be prepared to trace in the proverbs of Spain a grave thoughtfulness, a stately humor; to find them breathing the very spirit of chivalry and honor, and indeed of freedom too; for, in Spain, as through so much of Europe, it is despotism and not freedom which is new.

Nor are we disappointed in these our expectations. How eminently chivalresque, for instance, the following, *White hands cannot hurt*. What a grave humor belongs to this, *The ass knows in whose face he brays*. What a stately and superb manner of looking calamity in the face speaks out in the advice which this one contains: *When thou seest thy house in flames, approach, and warm thyself by it*. What a spirit of freedom, which would not be encroached on even by the highest, is embodied in another, *The king goes as far as he may, not as far as he would*.

The most curious thing which Mr. Trench mentions on the subject of Spanish proverbs is that one by which, with singular and almost prophetic irony against themselves, they designate any promised help which, in the hour of need, always fails to arrive, as *Succors of Spain*.

From Spain we proceed to Italy—a land as fertile in proverbs as in almost everything else, except virtue. And here, the national degradation is painfully shown. Our next quotation will show this.

The Italian proverbs, it has been said, not without too much reason, though perhaps also, with over much severity, have taken a tinge from their deep and politic genius; and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. I think every tenth proverb in an Ital-

ian collection, is some cynical or selfish maxim, a book of the world for worldlings.

And worse than this is the glorification of revenge which speaks out in too many of them. I know nothing of its kind to give one a more shuddering sense of horror than the series which might be drawn together of Italian proverbs on this matter; especially when we take them with the commentary which Italian history supplies.

Three instances which are given illustrate in a fearful manner the perversion of the national conscience, by which revenge is held as a thing to be admired,—to be deliberately, though relentlessly, pursued; and never to be given up.

Revenge, says the first of these proverbs, with audacious impiety, *is a morsel for God*. *Wait time and place*, advises the second *to act thy revenge; for it is never well done in a hurry*. The assertion of the third, we will hope, belongs only to Italy and to Pandemonium, *Revenge of a hundred years' old hath yet its sucking-teeth*.

But even Italy presents a brighter side than this. Witness a saying which expresses a clearness of perception only wanting earnestness of purpose to bring forth great fruits, "*With the Gospel one becomes a heretic*." Surely the recent commentary on this saying, by the case of the Madiari, will not be without its effect on a people who can see so plainly that true Christianity is irreconcilable with Popish pretension.

As we have put in all the dark lines of the Italian picture, we are bound to make the picture complete; so we add two other proverbs quoted by Mr. Trench, and showing that, however addicted the Italians may be to intrigue, they are at least aware of the evils of it, of the difficulties of the labyrinth in which it involves men, and of the clumsy nature of the artifices of even the best intriguers, "*For an honest man half his wits is enough, the whole is too little for a knave*." "*The devil is subtle, but weaves a coarse web*."

The proverbs of Italy represent a sad state of national decline; but there are lower depths still. The proverbs of Egypt exhibit a land equally famous, fallen into deeper decline.

The selfishness—the utter extinction of all public spirit,—the servility, which no longer as with an inward shame, creeps into men's acts, but utters itself boldly as the avowed law of their lives,—the sense of the oppression of the strong, of the insecurity of the weak, and generally, the whole character of life, alike the outward and inward, as poor, mean, sordid and ignoble, with only a few faintest glimpses of that romance which one usually attaches to the east,—all this, as we study these documents, rises up before us in truest, though in painfullest, outline.

Here is an example of servility, *If the mon-*

key reigns, dance before him. And another, going a step farther, adding treachery to meanness, *Kiss the hand which thou canst not bite.*

We shall give Mr. Trench's remarks in full on the third proverb he quotes from the unhappy collection, *Do no good, and thou shalt find no evil.*

How settled a conviction that wrong and not right was the lord paramount of the world, must have grown up in men's spirits, before such a word as this (I know of no sadder one) could have found utterance from their lips.

Our attention is next called to the local character of Proverbs, betraying at once the country of their birth, by some allusion to its peculiar scenery or history.

Thus our own, *Make hay while the sun shines*, is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours." The Cornish proverb, *He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock*, belongs to no inland county, nor smooth and secure coast. There is something manifestly Oriental in these two:—*Death is a black camel, which kneels at every man's gate. The world is a carcase, and they who gather round it are dogs.* One of the most striking historical allusions is in the Jewish form of our proverb, *Man's extremity is God's opportunity*, namely, this, *When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes.*

In assigning, however, a proverb to a particular age and country from internal evidence alone, we may easily make great mistakes. We can hardly believe that Jerome, in the fourth century, used almost the very words, *One must not look a gift horse in the mouth*: a saying which we should have certainly claimed, not only for England in general, but for Yorkshire in particular, and to have assigned to it a date at which, if Jerome used it, it certainly could not have been in the body.

There is a great interest attached to universal proverbs—those which appear in substance, if not in form, amongst all nations. Mr. Trench quotes some which are current nearly all over the civilized world, though in a variety of form, which is both amusing and instructive. The following set are directed against the reproof of a defect or fault by a person who is not himself exempt from it. The English version is, *The kiln calls the oven "Burnt-house;"* the Italian, *The pan says to the pot, "Keep off or you'll smudge me;"* the Spaniard, *The raven cried to the crow, "Avaunt blackamoor;"* the German, *One as nicknames another "Long ears;"* while as Mr. Trench says, "there is a certain originality in the Catalan version, *Death said to the man with his throat cut, "How ugly you look."*

The equivalents to our saying, *Coals to Newcastle*, are very numerous, and contain some

side hits; *Owls to Athens, Enchantments to Egypt, Pepper to Hindustan, Indulgences to Rome.*

These instances lead to the comparison of the merits of the different forms in which the same idea is presented among different nations. This kind of comparison would, we think, throw great light on the question of the requisites of a proverb, or rather the points in which its excellence lies. We can give but a few instances of these comparisons. We say, *A burnt child fears the fire*; but there is more force in the version, *A scalded dog fears cold water*; not only that which has injured it, but that which, resembling it in appearance, has absolutely opposite qualities. On the other hand, we fully agree with Mr. Trench in giving the palm to our own version in the following instance:—

Many languages have this proverb, *God gives the cold according to the cloth*; it is very beautiful, but attains not to the tender beauty of our own *God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*

Some modifications of a proverb, owing to national peculiarities, are very striking as the following quotation will show:—

Thus in English we say, *The river past, and God forgotten*, to express with how mournful a frequency, He, whose assistance was invoked, it may have been earnestly, in the moment of peril, is remembered no more, so soon as by His help the danger has been surmounted. The Spaniards have the proverb too, but it is with them, *The river past, the Saint forgotten*, the saints being in Spain more prominent objects of invocation than God; and the Italian form of it sounds a still sadder depth of ingratitude, *The peril past, the Saint mocked*; not only forgotten, but treated with ridicule and contempt.

The third Lecture is headed, "The Poetry, Wit, and Wisdom of Proverbs;" and in the beginning of it Mr. Trench gives the following brief sketch of his intentions with respect to the remaining part of his work:—

In my three lectures which remain, I shall strive to justify the attention which I have claimed on behalf of proverbs from you by bringing out and setting before you, as far as I have the skill to do it, some of their leading merits. Their wit, their wisdom, their poetry, the delicacy, the fairness, the manliness which characterize many, their morality, their theology, will all by turns come under our consideration. Yet I shall beware of presenting them to you as though they embodied these nobler qualities only. I shall keep out of sight that there are proverbs, coarse, selfish, unjust, cowardly, profane.

With respect to poetry, we have the following most just remark:—

Whatever is *from the people*, or truly *for the*

people; whatever either springs from their bosom, or has been cordially accepted by them; still more, whatever unties both these conditions, will have poetry, imagination in it. Thus we may expect to find that proverbs will contain often bold imagery, striking comparisons — and such they do.

The examples given are excellent illustrations. *Grey hairs are death's blossoms. Time is a dumb file. Man is a bubble.*

A beautiful Spanish proverb furnishes us with an example of poetry in a play upon words, which is untranslatable. *La verdad es siempre verda—The truth is always verdant.*

We are at no loss in seeking for wit in proverbs — often of a most cutting, and sometimes of an awful character. Witness the well-known saying, *Hell is paved with good intentions.* Our author supplies us with several examples of wit at the expense of human nature in general, or certain classes in particular. *If folly were a pain, there would be crying in every house. Fools grow without watering. And against learned folly in particular,—A fool unless he knows Latin is never a great fool.* There are some remarkable sayings of this kind directed against certain professions, and showing the estimation in which they were held. *Where there are three physicians, there are two atheists. If you have offended a clerk, kill him, else you never will have peace with him. What so bold as a miller's neck-cloth, which takes a thief by the throat every morning?*

We are sure our readers will concur with the following opinion:—

How exquisitely delicate is the touch of this French proverb, *It is easy to go a foot, when one leads one's horse by the bridle.* How fine an insight into the inner workings of the human heart is here. *It is easy to stoop from state, when that state may be resumed at will.*

We must all recollect instances of shrewd practical wisdom in proverbs, but we shall not on that account be the less interested in those which Mr. Trench gives. On the advantages of silence, we are at no loss for advice. *He who speaks, sows — he who keeps silence, reaps;* and there are volumes of meaning in this, *Silence was never written down.* Precipitation and procrastination are excellently handled in the two following: *Measure thy cloth ten times, thou canst cut it but once. By the street of "Bye-and-bye," one arrives at the house of "Never."* The law, we feel sure, is not the only profession to escape castigation, either as respects those who practise it, or those who resort to it. Both classes are hard hit in the following: *The robes of lawyers are lined with the obstinacy of suitors.*

Among practical rules of conduct we have

this from the French, which, whether right or wrong, is on a subject so delicate that we should have had some fears of bringing it forward on less chivalrous authority: *Take the first advice of a woman, and not the second.*

A proverb, says Mr. Trench, "of much wisdom; for, in processes of reasoning, out of which the second counsels would spring, women may, and will, be inferior to us; but in intuitions, moral ones especially, they surpass us far: they have what Montaigne ascribes to them in a remarkable word, *l'esprit primesautier*, that which, if it is to take its prey, must take it at the first bound."

This lecture ends with two excellent illustrations of the property possessed by good proverbs of admitting a number of different applications. The first instance given is the Scriptural proverb, *Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.* Matt. xxiv. 28.

This proverb, observes Mr. Trench, "is being fulfilled evermore. The wicked Canaanites were the carcass, when the children of Israel came into their land, the commissioned eagles that should remove them out of sight. At a later day, the Jews themselves were the carcass, and the Romans the eagles; while, in the progress of decay, when the Roman empire had quite lost the spirit of life, and those virtues of the family and the nation which had deservedly made it great, the eagles now came down upon it, to tear it limb from limb, and make room for a new creation that should grow up in its stead."

Nay, where do you not find an illustration of this proverb, from such instances on the largest scale as these, down to that of the silly and profligate heir, surrounded by sharpers and black-legs, and preyed on by these? Everywhere it is true that, *Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.*

A similar example of generality of application is found in the saying which is constantly illustrated in the Church and State, in nations and individuals; *Extremes meet, or Too far east is west.*

The next lecture is devoted to a very important point; *The morality of proverbs.* What is the general tendency of these sayings? That some, even of those widely received, are base, unworthy, and corrupting, cannot be denied; but the question is, — we state it in Mr. Trench's words:—

Whether there exists any such large and unquestionable preponderance, either of the better sort or of the worse, as shall give us a right to pronounce a verdict on the whole in their favor or against them, to affirm that their prevailing influence and weight is thrown into the balance of the good or of the evil.

Mr. Trench's conclusion is highly favorable to proverbs as a whole. Notwithstanding that there are many whose imagery and mode of expression is coarse, or would be considered so in the present day, yet he says that the number of immoral proverbs, unrighteous, selfish, or otherwise unworthy rules, is comparatively very small.

And the blame of supporting that which is wrong often lies in the application of a proverb, which in its true meaning does not sanction any such thing. For instance, the saying, *As he has sown so must he reap*, is a true expression of the Divine law by which sin brings its own punishment. It may, however, be used, and is used, by the hardhearted and uncharitable, as an excuse for leaving the unfortunate without help in troubles which very possibly have been brought on them by their own folly, but which nevertheless claim our compassion. So there is a great truth in the words, *Charity begins at home*; but they are often used as an excuse for making it end there—home being perhaps interpreted in the narrowest possible manner; and thus a maxim directed against that false kindness which wastes on distant persons and objects the sympathies which belong chiefly to those near at hand, is converted into a cloak for the most unmitigated selfishness. There is a right and a wrong view of the well known saying, *Honesty is the best policy*, which some construe as if we should be honest, not because it is right, but because it answers better in the end. It must be acknowledged that the wisdom of proverbs is very often of that shrewd and practical sort, which is very near being mere worldly wisdom—in other words, systematic selfishness; but we are not always, as Mr. Trench says, to account proverbs selfish which announce selfishness. Unless they do it, either avowedly recommending it as a rule and maxim of life, or if not so, yet with an evident complacency and satisfaction in the announcement, and, in this more covert and perhaps still more mischievous way, taking part with the evil which they proclaim. There are a great many proverbs which one would be very thankful if there had been nothing in the world to justify or provoke, for they contain nothing very complimentary to human nature; but seeing that there is, it would be idle to wish them away—to wish that this evil had not found its utterance.

An excellent selection of such proverbs follows:—"not selfish," to use the author's own language, "but rather detecting selfishness and laying it bare."

The burden is light, say the Russians, *on the shoulders of another*; and the French much to the same effect, *One has always strength enough to bear the misfortunes of one's friends*. Very little experience is needed to verify the

Latin saying, *Men cut broad things from other men's leather*; and every one knows what is implied in the desire to ride another man's horse with your own spurs.

Mr. Trench is too candid to pass over the subject of immoral proverbs without giving examples, and certainly the shade of the picture is dark enough. Purely selfish proverbs are bad, as, *Every man for himself and God for us all*; but others are more revolting, which are founded on that so-called "knowledge of the world," of which the secret is that there is nothing really good to be found anywhere, and that mankind are divided into villains and hypocrites. Of this kind is the commonly received calumny, *Every man has his price*; and the advice, hideous in its insinuation, *Count after your father*. Very near akin are proverbs which recognize no standard of right and wrong but that of fortune, such as, *A sin concealed is half forgiven*; and others dastardly and base, as, *Draw the snake from its hole by another man's hand*.

But we may leave these abominable maxims with the comfortable assurance of our author, that "in the minority with all people, they are immeasurably in the minority with most."

We pass next to some specimens of a very numerous class, as we should expect from the nature of the world we live in, namely, proverbs relating to money. Those which Mr. Trench gives are really refreshing, and the more so if we consider them as representing the true belief of the majority of mankind. *The groat is ill saved which shames its master*. *The unrighteous penny corrupts the righteous pound*. *Charity gives itself rich—covetousness hoards itself poor*. *Alms are the salt of riches*.

We come next to another class—also in pleasing contrast to the selfish and the base; namely, proverbs which advocate manliness and self-reliance, and which we have Mr. Trench's authority for believing to outnumber far those of an opposite character.

There are some, he says, "but they are rare, to which the gambler, the idler, the so-called waiter, upon Providence, can appeal. For the most part however, they courageously accept the law of labor, *no pains no gains*, as the appointed law and condition of man's life. There are many which enjoin perseverance under difficulties or defeat, such as, *The sun of all days has not gone down*, and this most significant Persian saying, *A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way*. Most excellent lessons are contained in those which relate to the spending of time. *The morning hour has gold in its mouth*: *Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history*; and most important of all, though roughly expressed, *When you grind your corn, do not give the flour to the devil and the bran to God*.

This lecture ends with remarks which in some respects anticipate the subject of the

last lecture—the Theology of Proverbs. But, wherever placed, they are so important that we shall quote them at length:—

With a few remarks on one proverb more, I will bring this lecture to an end. It is this, *Better a diamond with a flaw, than a pebble without one.* Here, to my mind, is the assertion of a great Christian truth, and of one which reaches deep down to the very foundations of Christian morality, the more valuable as coming to us from a people—the Chinese—beyond the range and reach of the influences of direct revelation. We may not be all aware of the many and malignant assaults which were made on the Christian faith, and on the morality of the Bible, through the character of David, by the blind and self-righteous Deists of a century or more ago. Taking the Scripture testimony about him that he was the man after God's heart; and putting beside this, the record of those great sins which he committed; they sought to set these great yet still isolated offences in the most hateful light, and thus to bring at once him, and those who praised him, alike to shame. But all the while, *the man, what he was*,—with this, with the moral sum total of his life, to which alone the Scripture testimony bore witness, they concerned themselves not at all: which was yet a far more important question than what any of his single acts may have been, and that which, in the estimate of his character, was really at issue. We answer, a *diamond*, which, if a *diamond with a flaw*, as are all but the one "whole and perfect chrysolite," would yet outweigh a mountain of *pebbles without one*, such as they were; even assuming the pebbles to be without, and not merely to *seem* so, because their flaw was an all-pervading one, and only not so quickly detected, inasmuch as the contrast was wanting of any clearer material which should at once reveal its presence.

We should be inclined to make a much wider application of the proverb, in Mr. Trench's sense, than to the objections of the Deists of the last century. Their opinions are now almost forgotten, and tolerably forward school boys can refute their sophisms, but their principle of making the most of the flaws in the diamond will never die as long as there is a world to oppose the Gospel. We think that too much attention cannot be given to the removing of unnecessary flaws, which no one is more quicksighted to discover than the man of the world; but at the same time we would enter a strenuous protest, in the name of fairness and common sense, against that method of comparison which consists in exaggerating all the faults of the pious man, and palliating the vices of the ungodly man, until at length the preference is given to him who is one all-pervading flaw over him whose deficiencies are set off by the clearness and beauty of the genuine jewel.

Those who have followed Mr. Trench thus far in his subject will, we are sure, be anx-

ious to learn from him the result of his reading and thoughts on the last and most important characteristic of proverbs—their theology. We shall leave him to explain what he means by the term, and what he proposes to say respecting it:—

I have sought, as best I could, to enable you to estimate the ethical worth of proverbs. Their theology alone remains—that is, the aspects under which they contemplate, not now any more man's relations with his fellow-man, but those on which, in the end, all others must depend, his relations with God. Much which was there, might nearly as fitly have been here; some which is here, might already have found its place there. It is this, however, which I propose more directly to consider, namely, what proverbs have to say concerning the moral government of the world, and more important still, concerning its Governor. How does all this present itself to the popular mind and conscience, as attested by these? what, in short, is their theology? for such, good or bad, it is evident that abundantly they have. Here, as everywhere else, their testimony is a mingled one. The darkness, the error, the confusion of man's heart, out of which he oftentimes sees distortedly, and sometimes sees not at all, have all embodied themselves in his word. Yet still, as it is the very nature of the false, in its separate manifestations, to resolve into nothingness, though only to be succeeded by new births in a like kind, while the true abides and continues; it has thus come to pass that we have generally, in those utterances on which the stamp of permanence has been set, the nobler voice, the truer faith of humanity, in respect of its own destinies, and of Him by whom those destinies are ordered.

I would not hesitate to say, that the great glory of proverbs in this their highest aspect, and that which makes many of them so full of blessing to those who cordially accept them, is the conviction of which they are full, that, despite all appearances to the contrary, this world is God's world, and not the world of the devil, or of those wicked men who may be prospering for their hour, and that, in the long run, it will approve itself to be such; which being so, it must be well in the end, here, with the doer of the right, the speaker of the truth,—no blind "whirligig of time," but the hand of the living God, in due time bringing about its revenges.

We have no objection to make to what is here asserted; but we cannot, in fairness to our readers, express our approval, without saying at the same time that the language employed is capable of serious perversion, and indeed has been used in a way calculated at least to mislead, by authors who are often, though we believe wrongly, classed as of the same school as Mr. Trench. Without question, God is the ruler of the world; and a most comforting reflection it is, that nothing is done in the world without His permission,—so far, then, the expressions in question only assert a most blessed truth. But when we find them used

to condemn those who are supposed to dwell too much on human depravity, and who set forth the greatness of the inheritance of the saints in comparison with the things of the world, we cannot but recall to memory, while we acknowledge that contempt for the present state of things may be carried to excess,—that the Apostles and our Lord himself speak in the strongest language of the worthlessness of the things of time; and that, though God is the rightful Ruler of the world and so it is his world, yet it is the devil's world in so far as that he holds in it a usurped authority and is called "the prince and the god" of it. The divines of the school we speak of—a school which carries with it strong attractions for a certain class of minds—have, we believe, done good, by showing the danger of allowing religion to degenerate into a mere selfish care for our own souls; but in so doing, they are too apt to lose sight of the necessity of individual and personal piety. Thus they are in danger of limiting their aims to the improvement of society on earth, instead of impressing on those who come under their influence the necessity of first "giving themselves to God," and then going forth to spread His Gospel in the world.

With this caution, we will proceed with our lecture.—First, we have proverbs relating to truth: *A lie has no legs.*

Prop it up as men may from without, set it on its feet again, after it has once fallen before the presence of the truth, yet, like Dagon, it will only be again to fall, and more shamefully and more irretrievably than before. And this, the vivacity of truth as contrasted with the short-lived character of the lie, is well expressed in a Swiss proverb: *It takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth.* Every one knows the practical proverb: *Tell the truth, and shame the devil.* It is truth which demolishes the kingdom of the father of lies.

There are some proverbs anterior to the Christian dispensation, in which the highest principles may easily be traced. *Love rules without law,—Love rules his kingdom without a sword*—are very apposite examples of this; but we find, as we might expect, the principal examples of theology in those proverbs which belong to more modern times. Some of these are very beautiful, such as: *God never wounds with both hands. No cross, no crown. Every cross has its inscription.* Some are remarkably like our Lord's sayings in the Gospel. *No leaf moves, but God wills it. He who has to serve two masters, has to lie to one. Purchase the next world with this; so shalt thou win both.*

There is a class of proverbs which perhaps we must acknowledge introduce too lightly the name of the author of evil; yet they express most important truths, although these may be lost sight of in the ordinary use of the sayings. A strong instance of this is the common proverb: *Talk of the devil, and he will appear*—generally used rather in a ridiculous sense, but the truth it expresses is really a rebuke to the light use of such language.

It is dangerous, through folly or curiosity, to tamper with sin; especially to be curious about evil. Many great crimes may be traced to this propensity. Niebuhr remarks that it is better not to read books in which you make acquaintance of the devil; and every one must acknowledge the justice of the observation. There is another excellent lesson in the Scotch proverb of the same rather objectionable form, *He has need of a long spoon that would eat with the devil*; that is, (as Mr. Trench explains,) men fancy they can cheat the arch-cheater, can advance in partnership with him up to a certain point, and then whenever the connection becomes too dangerous, break it off at will, being sure in this to be miserably mistaken.

We will now take our leave of Mr. Trench, thanking him for much both of amusement and instruction. We shall be very glad to see him appear again as a lecturer to a class of persons on whom it is most important to exercise an influence for good, and on whom the Christian tone and spirit of Mr. Trench's lectures must, we think, exercise such an influence. It is impossible for us to judge of the effect on the audience from the published addresses alone, as much must always depend on the manner of delivery. It is possible that Mr. Trench's style may be the most suitable to his delivery; but we own that, for reading, we should prefer a style somewhat less involved, and with perhaps a little more attention to harmonious arrangement. We are not fond of rounded periods, nor of periphrases to express simple things; but a writer flying from these shoals, may become harsh and uncouth, and sometimes not very easily intelligible. We think Mr. Trench is too much afraid of writing like a book, and so there is an appearance of studied baldness, and occasionally a confusion of pronouns, which makes it difficult to see exactly what he means. Some of his sentences would be heart-breaking to a foreigner; and we can testify to their sometimes severely trying a native who undertook to read the Lectures on Proverbs aloud. We are bound however to add, that he not only undertook, but accomplished his task, with great pleasure to himself and unflinching attention on the part of his audience. We do not deny that there is some use in a style which obliges the reader to go back and read over sentences two or three times. This kind of difficulty often fixes the attention, which would otherwise stray; but we think it would be very hard to prove that a man is ever justified in making himself obscure, or even in not taking all pains to make his meaning plain.

But we will not prolong our remarks, lest we get into a discussion on style in general, and, mounting our hobby, be carried away by it. We will only wish Mr. Trench all success in his future writings, whether he takes our advice or not.

From the Athenæum.

Speeches of the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, M. P. Corrected by himself. Longman & Co.

"SPEECHES" said Charles James Fox, "are made to be spoken and not to be read,"—and we often thought of the great Whig statesman's sentiment while examining the rhetorical performances before us. Some of these speeches have been familiar to us for years,—others of them we heard delivered. In the present edition, they come before us in a revised and selected form; and the eminence of the speaker has made us examine them with attention. Their re-perusal has suggested to us the consideration of a subject which has often been mooted by thinking observers of modern social progress:—"Whether the mission of the orator has gained or lost by modern civilization?" Superficial observers might think that the orator has decidedly gained. The reprinting of his speeches and their rapid circulation through town and country, would seem at least to indicate that the power of the public speaker had been increased. But, on second thoughts, another view of the case presents itself. The press achieves its purposes by criticism as well as by reports—it comments upon its own records—not unfrequently in its leading columns it exposes the fallacious rhetoric, which in another page is printed and interspersed with ("Tremendous cheers,"—"Enthusiastic applause"). It may have been but yesterday that a crowd eagerly cheered the rolling rhetoric and excited declamation of a ranting politician. For the thousands that applauded his fanaticism on yesterday afternoon, there are hundreds of thousands to-day sneering at the stilted fustian that cannot bear the critical examination of cool perusal. It may be that there is sophistry of the pen as well as of the tongue, and fallacies of journalists as well as of "orators,"—but the admission will not alter the fact of the fleet and formidable replies which issue from twenty popular organs before as many hours have elapsed since the speaker made his harangue. "All power," says David Hume, "even the most despotic, rests ultimately upon opinion,"—and in the formation of "opinion" the press has become more potential than the orator. The dominion of facts has been enlarged: the "mind's eye" of millions has been opened by the influence of education, and in the present state of society in advanced countries, it would be almost impossible for "orators" to exert that sorcery which they possessed in ancient times. In saying this, we by no means undervalue the vast power of genuine eloquence,—but in order to be truly effective, an orator must have other qualities besides a genius for language and the command of a rhetorician's arts. Ca-

capacity for affairs, the power of prompt thinking, and the courage for sustained action;—those genuine qualities which make (with various degrees of excellence) efficient rulers of mankind, are more valuable than the stimulating talents which excite crowds and inflame emotions. There are, of course, certain crises in the history of a nation when oratory will be most powerful. Patrick Henry, at the commencement of the American struggle,—Grattan, in 1779-80,—Mirabeau, in 1789-90,—and Kossuth, in 1848—may be taken as famous instances of the inspiring powers of orators. On the other hand, we see in the contemporary history of France, how little the tongues of Berryer and Lamartine, Thiers and Guizot, have been able to accomplish. We may cite also the case of Ireland as a suggestive instance, that though orators are powerful in raising and maintaining ferment and agitation, their influence as social agents is destructive rather than constructive. Organization is more potent in the long run than oratory; the talent for things is more formidable than the mere genius for words.

Possibly such considerations are not without effect upon the fact that the Literature of "Speeches" is singularly uninteresting. Immediate effect is the aim of the orator; like the actor, he must address the audience before him, and what thrilled when spoken, fails to charm on perusal. A few years roll by; new scenes of the political drama arrest our notice, and another company of political performers appeal for the public applause. Old questions have become insipid, and old modes of thinking are voted obsolete. A new generation has grown up, which wonders how its fathers and grandsires could have admired the exertions that once gained so much applause. But what reads flatly to-day, was fifty years ago spoken with ardor, and appealed to the passions of millions. Human hearts were once stirred by that energetic rhetoric which now looks like mere tautology and verbiage, and strong heads were once bewildered with that sophistry which any tyro can now detect. What poor things, upon perusal, seem the speeches of the younger Pitt!—how vague, wordy, and ambiguous, like "a king's speech," spread over three volumes! Yet, as Lord Brougham has recorded, it was impossible to hear Pitt speak "without feeling that there stood before us a ruler of the people." The imposing air—the stately figure—the flashing eye—the resounding voice of the Tory leader cannot be presented to posterity along with the substance of his words. Thus, it happens that the remark of Colley Cibber upon the fugitive bloom of histrionic laurels can be applied to a great parliamentary speaker as well as to an actor. "Pity it is that the beauties of an harmonious elocution cannot,

like those of poetry, be their own record; that the animated graces of an 'orator' can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that present them, or, at best, can but faintly glimmer through the memory of a few surviving spectators." The literary excellence of Burke's "Speeches" make them exceptions to the generally insipid character of reprinted parliamentary exertions. But Burke's speeches, it is obvious, were composed to be read; and we know that some of them, in delivery, wearied the hearers, and were confirmatory of the sentiment of Mr. Fox, already quoted. But, from these general reflections we turn to the special qualities of the speeches before us.

Our readers are aware that we declined to criticize, at length, the speeches of Mr. Macaulay in the former shape. We noticed, even in a cursory inspection of them, the careless manner in which that edition was brought before the public. The fact of the publication, induced Mr. Macaulay to bring out the present edition; to which he has prefixed a Preface, in which he bitterly complains of the manner in which he has been treated. We noticed, ourselves, that amongst the reasons why a public speaker might not wish to reprint his speeches would be the fact of personal friendship having subsequently arisen between himself and the object of former invectives, — and we find Mr. Macaulay striking on that chord in the very first paragraph of his Preface. We must place it before our readers, as it contains a verdict (which, we suppose, may be accepted as "historical") on the character of the late Sir Robert Peel:—

It was most reluctantly that I determined to suspend, during the last autumn, a work which is the business and pleasure of my life, in order to prepare these Speeches for publication; and it is most reluctantly that I now give them to the world. Even if I estimated their oratorical merit much more highly than I do, I should not willingly have revived, in the quiet times in which we are so happy as to live, the memory of those fierce contentions in which too many years of my public life were passed. Many expressions which, when society was convulsed by political dissension, and when the foundations of government were shaking, were heard by an excited audience with sympathy and applause, may, now that the passions of all parties have subsided, be thought intemperate and acrimonious. It was especially painful to me to find myself under the necessity of recalling to my own recollection, and to the recollection of others, the keen encounters which took place between the late Sir Robert Peel and myself. Some parts of the conduct of that eminent man I must always think deserving of serious blame. But, on a calm review of his long and checkered public life, I acknowledge, with sincere pleasure, that his faults were much more than redeemed by great virtues, great sacrifices, and

great services. My political hostility to him was never in the smallest degree tainted by personal ill will. After his fall from power, a cordial reconciliation took place between us: I admired the wisdom, the moderation, the disinterested patriotism, which he invariably showed during the last and best years of his life; I lamented his untimely death, as both a private and a public calamity; and I earnestly wished that the sharp words which had sometimes been exchanged between us might be forgotten."

Mr. Macaulay then proceeds to notice the compilers of Mr. Vizetelly's edition:—

Unhappily an act, for which the law affords no redress, but which I have no hesitation in pronouncing a gross injury to me and a gross fraud on the public, has compelled me to do what I should never have done willingly. A bookseller, named Vizetelly, who seems to aspire to that sort of distinction which Curll enjoyed a hundred and twenty years ago, thought fit, without asking my consent, without even giving me any notice, to announce an edition of my Speeches, and was not ashamed to tell the world in his advertisement that he published them by special license. When the book appeared, I found that it contained fifty-six speeches, said to have been delivered by me in the House of Commons. Of these speeches, a few were reprinted from reports which I had corrected for the *Mirror of Parliament*, or the *Parliamentary Debates*; and were therefore, with the exception of some errors of the pen and the press, correctly given. The rest bear scarcely the faintest resemblance to the speeches which I really made. The substance of what I said is perpetually misrepresented. The connection of the arguments is altogether lost. Extravagant blunders are put into my mouth in almost every page. An editor who was not grossly ignorant would have perceived that no person to whom the House of Commons would listen could possibly have been guilty of such blunders. An editor who had the smallest regard for truth, or for the fame of the person whose speeches he had undertaken to publish, would have had recourse to the various sources of information which were readily accessible, and, by collating them, would have produced a book which would at least have contained no absolute nonsense. But I have unfortunately had an editor whose only object was to make a few pounds, and who was willing to sacrifice to that object my reputation and his own. He took the very worst report extant, compared it with no other report, removed no blemish however obvious or however ludicrous, gave to the world some hundreds of pages utterly contemptible both in matter and manner, and prefixed my name to them. The least that he should have done was to consult the files of the *Times* newspaper. I have frequently done so when I have noticed in his book any passage more than ordinarily absurd; and I have almost invariably found that, in the *Times* newspaper, my meaning had been correctly reported, though often in words different from those which I had used. I could fill a volume with instances of the injustice with which I have been treated.

To a considerable extent we sympathize with Mr. Macaulay; but the above passage is rather undignified in its tone, for one occupying his distinguished station. It smacks too strongly of altercation, and Mr. Macaulay seems to forget that he is not the first, any more than he will be the last, eminent man subjected to this annoyance. Unauthorized editions of the speeches of the great orators of the last century were for years in circulation. We do not know that Sheridan or Curran corrected any of their published speeches, upon which their fame as orators depends. In point of fact it savors strongly of egotism to reprint speeches; and some public men are not anxious to have their exact words reported. The curious in these matters will find an instance in the preface to the six-volume edition of Canning's Speeches. At the time of the Reform Bill, a first class political celebrity (since deceased) made a great speech, of which he undertook to supply a report to a particular journal. On the report being furnished to the office, a reporter compared the statesman's copy with his stenographic notes, and declared to his editor that the right honorable speaker's copy was "decidedly *doctored*." "Print according to your notes," was the editor's instruction: and vehement was the orator's wrath on finding himself fastened down to the very words which he had actually employed, but which he wished to have forgotten. Lord Lyndhurst, possibly, would not like to reprint his "Alien" speech.

To apply these remarks to the case before us, the matter as relating to Mr. Macaulay seems to stand thus. It appears in his own words, that he "would not have wished to revive the memory of fierce contentions," and we may presume, therefore, that he would not of his own will, have reprinted his speeches. We are told that the unauthorized edition was often incorrect and unworthy of the speaker's fame; but we are presented with the volume before us, when the question arises, "Can these be accepted as Mr. Macaulay's Speeches?"

To that, we must answer, only partly so. The volume should be printed with its last sentence as an epigraph on the title-page—"For myself, I hope that I am both a Liberal and a Conservative politician," etc. etc. We find omitted from this volume any reference to those highly effective speeches in which Mr. Macaulay criticized (to use no harsher word), the conduct of Sir James Graham, and the Foreign Office presided over by the present Prime Minister, in reference to Post-Office espionage. We miss also his well-known speech in 1833 on the Irish Coercion Bill, and also his speech advocating the Ballot in 1839—the first oration which he delivered in the House of Commons after his return from India. Sev-

eral of his electioneering addresses, though interesting, are not here reprinted, and one of his juvenile exertions at Freemasons' Hall is also left out. The difference between the two editions is this—that Mr. Vizetelly's publication contains more matter,—but incorrectly reported,—and that the volume before us, correct as far as it goes, cannot be accepted as an entire presentation of Mr. Macaulay's oratorical performances. Enough, however, is given to supply matter for a critical examination of his eloquence,—a task which we may probably attempt on a future occasion.

A Memoir of Richard Williams, Surgeon, Catechist to the Patagonian Missionary Society in Terra del Fuego. By James Hamilton, D. D. Nisbet & Co.

THE sad history of the ill-judged Expedition of Capt. Gardiner is here brought again before us, in the biography of one of his companions. Mr. Williams was a young surgeon, practising his profession, apparently with considerable success, at Burslem in Staffordshire, and doing the work of a home-missionary amongst his patients. Warm-hearted and impulsive, he longed to carry forth, into some new and larger field, the good tidings of Christianity. Attracted by an advertisement of Capt. Gardiner's meditated Expedition, he offered to accompany the mission as a catechist, and was accepted. In haste and excitement, he abandoned everything which he possessed:—practice, friends, country; and went forth with little inquiry, without knowledge of his companions or their plan,—but with a firm persuasion that it was the will of Heaven that he should go, and that all the counter-suggestions of prudence were sinister promptings of the tempter. The little party of seven worthy but misguided men sailed from Liverpool, on the 7th of September, 1850, in a ship bound for California. From that time, Mr. Williams's diary furnishes the materials for the present work. He thus characteristically records his first sight of the people who were the object of the mission:—

About nine, whilst drifting on past Picton Island, we observed lying off Garden Island three canoes, which presently put off to us, each one containing a Fuegian and his family, more or less numerous. In each there were two women, and children; in one, an infant at the breast; in another, a poor decrepit old man. While scarcely discernible with the naked eye, we heard their stentorian voices, shouting "Yammer schooner" [Give me]:—amazing, indeed, is the power of their voice. As they severally hove in sight, they gesticulated and shouted with every wild and remarkable expression, one man in particular being very garrulous, and full of vivacity. The impression they made on my mind, as they became dis-

tinently seen, first by the telescope, and afterwards by the naked eye, is one which can never be effaced. It seemed incredible they could be human beings. You observed a lopsided, strange, uncouth thing on the water, not to be called a boat, and not realizing our ideas of a canoe; but so deep, that just the heads of the Fuegians could be seen in it. As these dark masses of hair, like so many mops, drew nearer, we were able to discern the features, which were, indeed, surprising to us. On a nearer inspection, however, I could trace in many of them, indeed I may say in all, the lineaments of the noblest humanity, and features expressive of benevolence and generosity, though, as it were, buried deep in deplorable ignorance and abject want. One woman had a remarkably prepossessing countenance, very open and cheerful; so also had one of the men; and he often, in our after intercourse, laughed heartily. I had taken some comfort to my mind, from the favorable aspect which the islands around us, particularly Picton and Garden Islands, presented; but now my heart swelled with emotion, full of pleasure and satisfaction that our errand was for the purpose of imparting benefits so great and so much needed to these poor creatures. I hailed the prospect with a degree of rapture.

On the 5th of December, the day to which the passage just quoted refers, the missionaries landed and constructed a rude habitation. The natives soon came round them importunately,—but the first party were good-tempered or cowardly, and their impertinence was readily parried. In a few days, they were joined by a band of wild savages of the Yacuna tribe from Navarin Island, whose roughness was not so easily repelled.

We were immediately sensible that they were altogether a different people from the others. Their faces were quite blackened over, and they were sturdy and audacious in their bearing, and as we soon found, impudent and uncontrollable. Unlike the former, they were ready to resent every refusal of their importunate demands, and resisted our endeavors to keep them in check, looking at us with a most contemptuous and malign expression, and, by their demeanor, plainly bespeaking mischief. They were very well made, and, but for the diabolical passions expressed in their countenances, really good-looking men. Like the others, they had the crown of the head cropped close, and the fore part like a circlet of long hair hanging over the face. Like the others, too, they were perfectly naked, except the guanaco skin, which hung loosely over their shoulders and back, and which they occasionally folded together around their arms. Each wore a necklace made of small shells. With five of these men around us, prying into everything, the other three having now put on a less pacific deportment, and almost entering our tent by force, our situation was not agreeable. It required all our vigilance to watch their motions; and, from their whispering together, and their bold attempts to look into our tents, we suspected that they were concocting some plan of attack.

The extent of the danger in which the missionaries had involved themselves became at once apparent. Unable to communicate with these ferocious barbarians, of whose language Capt. Gardiner and his party were totally ignorant, and equally unable to defend themselves against a multitude, the little missionary band betook themselves to a couple of decked boats, which they had brought out with them. Williams's diary explains how they were hunted by the natives from cove to cove. At length they were able to moor, at the mouth of Cook's River, unperceived. There other enemies assaulted them. Their stores were soon exhausted. With the inconsiderate folly which marked their conduct throughout, they had left their provision of powder behind them in the ship. Birds and animals were beyond their reach, and fish—on a supply of which Capt. Gardiner had relied—there were none. Scurvy ensued, and Mr. Williams's diary describes the approach of the fearful end with painful minuteness. Some of the party survived until September. In October, the bodies of four of them were found and committed to the earth by persons sent out to search for them. Perhaps in the history of mankind there has never occurred an instance of benevolent folly more nearly incredible. Certainly the present publication is not calculated to lessen our astonishment that seven reasonable men should have been found so utterly infatuated, or that a board of managers should have assisted them in their melancholy disregard of all considerations of prudence and practical wisdom.

DARIEN EXPEDITION.—The Darien Ship-Canal Expedition is appointed to sail on the 17th inst., and will consist, on the part of the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company, of Dr. Cullen as pioneer; Messrs. Gisborne, Forde, and Bennett, and four assistant-engineers, who will be accompanied by Capt. Collinson, R. E., and Lieut. Singen, R. E., on behalf of the British Government, and will rendezvous at Jamaica with Lt. Strange, U. S. Navy, and the surveying party under his command, on board the U. S. sloop of war Cyane, Capt. Holmes, which will be joined at Port Royal by H. M. surveying-ship Scorpion, and another British man-of-war, and by a French man-of-war from Martinique; and the squadron will then proceed to Caledonia Bay, on the Atlantic Coast of Darien, whence the surveying parties will cross the Isthmus to the River Savana and the Gulf of San Miguel, where a man-of-war from the Pacific Station will be ready to receive them. They will thence commence a detailed survey of the route, from whence their return may be expected about the 1st of May next.—*Home News.*

The Northern Correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* mentions that "Hamlet," in a Swedish translation, was the other day performed, for the first time, in Stockholm.

From the Examiner.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P. Vols. V and VI. Longmans.

In these volumes Moore's diary is continued to October 1833, and is printed, as are its predecessors, with little or no abridgment. In the two concluding volumes which are to follow, large omissions will be rendered necessary by the fact that the things and people of the present generation will be more nearly and directly dealt with.

Enough has now been published to enable any reader to form his opinion of the whole. That the Journal itself is amusing, for the store of *bon mots* and good-humored scraps of table-talk with which it is filled; that it is interesting for the insight it gives into Moore's social and literary life, and for the touches of domestic feeling that occur throughout it; all will agree. That it has defects will also be very generally admitted; and, unhappily for Moore's fame, very many of its readers will be always either unable or unwilling to distinguish between a defect inherent in the diary and a defect inherent in the man.

Nobody ever did or ever will transcribe his real and entire self in a daily journal. It is a great mistake to suppose that Moore in this journal, or anybody else in any journal, ever laid himself out at full length for dissection. The operator, ready with his knife, may think he has the whole subject before him, but that is simply the mistake of his own malignant eagerness. We have seen attacks upon Moore founded upon a critical examination of his diary, planned and executed in complete ignorance of what alone we have a right to look for, and of what we should always expect to find, in a journal of this sort. Let any reader of common sensibility ask himself what should be natural in the diary of a sensitive, warm-hearted and sociable man like this whose journals are here published, and judge them by no harsher test. Moore had acute feelings, and like many other men and women who are so endowed, great buoyancy of disposition. His griefs were keen, and in the sincerity of his warm heart he retained the memory of all past sorrows that were sacred; but yet he was too honest a man to profess any desire to check that wholesome elasticity of nature which enabled him to battle against care. He was not a man of solemn shows, profuse in crape and hat-band. When he went to his dying father, his wife's earnest hope was that he might not arrive in time to see the final throes: she knew how he would suffer if he did. When he arrived at his father's house, his mother and sister, loving him most tenderly and knowing him most truly, kept him from the deathbed,

and when all was over, would not let him see what remained of his father. His own account of all this is quite touching in its absolute simplicity and freshness, and we dwell upon it because it displays unaffectedly the real man, in what was strong and what was weak in him.

He puts on no forced solemnity. He lets his heart beat as it was made to beat, and with a deep love for the dead he can display no less love for the living. On the day before the funeral he writes: "Was glad to find I could divert my mother's mind from dwelling entirely on what had just happened; indeed, the natural buoyancy and excursiveness of her thoughts (which, luckily for myself, I have inherited) affords a better chance of an escape from grief than all the philosophy in the world." Of the hour after the mass on the day of the funeral, from which his family also desired, but then in vain, to keep him, he writes not less naturally thus: "Felt my heart full of sadness when I got to my bed-room, but was relieved by a burst both of tears and prayer, and by a sort of confidence that the great and pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased with what he saw was passing within my mind. This is, perhaps, not Christian humility; but let it be what it will, I felt consoled and elevated by it." Who does not feel that this is Moore himself who speaks, and that his confidence was just? Equally characteristic, and, we will add, equally right, is a comment on the next day's ceremony with its black parade of woe. "The weather was wretched, and altogether the scene shocked and afflicted me beyond anything: the vulgar apparatus of the ceremony seems such a profanation!" If this was not the thing proper to be said on the occasion, it was not less the thing proper to be felt by a true mourner.

At the same time Lord Wellesley was offering to continue his father's half-pay in the shape of a pension to his sister; but Moore was too independent and fine-hearted to accept the offer, and he imposed upon himself alone the care of his mother's maintenance. Upon this we find, in his diary, an excellent remark:

Forgot to mention that I received a letter from Power yesterday, approving of my refusal of Lord Wellesley's offer. It is not a little strange that my men of business (Power and the Longmans) take this view of the matter, while all my fine friends think I ought to have accepted the favor. *The fact is, the latter always apply a different standard in the conduct of poor men, from that which they would go by themselves.*

A week after the funeral, as the censorious world might remark, the poet dined with company at his friend Corry's, and had singing in the evening. Very improper! But an honest

man accepts the grief which is his portion without seeking to augment it. He has no just right to aggravate it with an artificial stimulus. In good truth, a joyous man who should repress, as an impropriety, his ready power of recovery from a great shock to the emotions, would be no more entitled to claim credit for his goodness, than the man who should obstinately check the kindly healings of nature in a bodily sickness. On that social evening too, enjoyed a week after the funeral, Moore writes: "In singing: 'There's a song of the olden time,' the feeling which I had so long suppressed, broke out; I was obliged to leave the room, and continued sobbing hysterically, on the stairs, for several minutes."

In these few touches, there is much of Moore's real character unconsciously revealed. It is revealed also in many other places, if we will only take the trouble to observe it. His love for his wife and children is found everywhere. His quiet letter to the Longmans when Bessy was coming to town, to beg that they would cause Barbara's grave at Hornsey to be made what a mother would desire to find it; his anxiety over Anastasia's first indisposition, and his fond attention to her during her last illness; his exquisite appreciation of his wife's sorrow, of her gentleness, and of her maternal struggles; all declare the character of a man who deserved the friends he made, the popularity he won. The same character is told again when we read that father and mother drove away from the ceremony of the funeral of their last girl, "and a most melancholy drive we had of it, for two long hours, each bearing up for the sake of the other, but all the worse in reality for the effort." Soon afterwards, "Bessy's calm, wasted looks, telling him," he says, "hourly what an effort she is making for my sake, has enabled me to rally far beyond what I expected."

There is nothing in the whole journal so beautiful as Moore's love and appreciation of his wife, and that the book has been made the excuse for a savage attack on this very point may serve hereafter to show that a man's private diary may be used to prove anything. The acts it records, we have been told, vary so often and so much from the expressions it employs, that if the first are real, the last can be only stage-play. But the feeling is too subtle and too strong to be brought to any such half-tests of truth, or to be disposed of by any such whole-tests of malignity. It is not so much by the warm-hearted expressions of affection scattered here and there that it is evidenced, as by the thousand chance words showing how Moore saw and felt those little traits of gentleness and delicacy,—those acts of daily self-denial, of never-tiring patience, kindness, perseverance in the way of duty,—that simplicity and beauty of character, by

which this admirable woman is made the true heroine of these memoirs, and proved to have been one of the best wives that man ever had. Taken from a calling which is not held in great conventional respect,—she was trained as a dancer on the stage,—she is seen moving among the great ladies of the land, as true a lady as the highest, second to none in worth. Insensibly her image is thus made to win upon us in her husband's memoirs, and, indeed, so to win on us and on the world that she can never now be forgotten. She is made by these volumes a sharer in her husband's immortality.

There is no display in this, we repeat, nor in anything else which is genuine in the diary. Such secrets of the heart appear in Moore's journal only by accident. They are here (and especially in the two volumes before us) because they were not of a kind to be repressed by a warm-hearted man; but they are nowhere formally set forth. Of other secret thoughts few are set forth at all, and no one who understands what a diary would be to such a man will be at any loss for the reason. They are not to be found in these pages, because there is no man of fine quick feelings, such as Moore's were, who could endure to write them in a daily journal. Stupid men may express in diaries the whole of their stupidity, and expose to the world by daily chronicle, the whole slow sequence of their cut and dried ideas, the entire measure of their dull affections. The man of thought and action, who fills every day with mental work, and whose quick sensibilities are always stirring, has more things daily in his mind than he can put down on the half-page of a copy-book. If he is to keep a journal, it must be a book of useful memoranda; or if he be a man like Moore, busy, sensitive, and in a remarkable degree sociable and joyous, the diary that will best suit him is one in which he shall undertake to jot down chiefly his amusements in society, and the most pleasant things that he has heard there. Such a man would of all men be the one to shrink from dwelling on a heartache, and accordingly we rarely get more than an occasional stray line to record in Moore's journal the existence of hard, anxious thoughts. The keeping it was one of the amusements of its writer, and he put down in it, therefore, what amused him. It was only on the rare occasions, when his heart was very deeply stirred indeed, that he was forced beyond the bounds of that natural and fit reluctance which prevented him from writing more. His griefs were too sacred to be scribbled over, and his troubles would be only made more troublesome by repeating and harping on them.

It may be a sign of weakness—but we think it in this case a weakness hardly to be

despised — that Moore fastened on all little bits of praise, and put them upon record as not less pleasant things to him than anecdotes and puns. His love of them, let us be so bold as to say, sprang from a feeling the reverse of vanity. He did not think so much of himself as dull people will be apt to suppose. He recognized greatness in others, but in his own heart there was a freshness and a simplicity — dinner out as he was — that made him feel at all times but little distant from the thoughts and impulses of childhood. He was surprised, amused, and pleased by the position he had earned. At fifty he had in him the frankness of fifteen, and in the flutter of his popularity he took a boyish pleasure. We may love him for it if we will, we may also despise him if we will, and the reader will take his choice. For ourselves this little touching comment of his upon Scott's losses after the Constable misfortune reveals the true man, in this and in other things whom we think it best for our own self-respect not to despise.

Few things have affected me more than this. I almost regret, indeed, having been brought so close to Scott, as I might otherwise have been saved the deep and painful sympathy I now feel for his misfortune. For poor devils like me (who have never known better) to fag and to be pinched for means, becomes, as it were a second nature; but for Scott, whom I saw living in such luxurious comfort, and dispensing such cordial hospitality, to be thus suddenly reduced to the necessity of working his way, is too bad, and I grieve for him from my heart.

Let us connect with that passage another slighter evidence of the kindly nature of the man, that we may quote the note which Lord John Russell appends to it.

Dined with Rogers; company, Lord Clifden, Sir J. Newport, Shiel, Barnes, and Luttrell. Sat next to Barnes, to whom I gave some verses about the peerage which I had copied out in the morning. "A Letter from the Honorable Henry — to Lady Emma —" Begged me, in anything I might now write for him, to spare Croker; which I told him was an unnecessary caution, as Croker and I were old allies.

Upon which we have this note from Lord John, which all who have read the last number of the Quarterly Review will be at no loss to understand.

To Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend; if the request had been addressed to the other party, asking him to spare Moore, what would have been the result? Probably while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful; had Moore been dead, it would have served only to give an additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity.—Ed.

We are less disposed to agree with Lord John Russell in his opinion that Moore should have retailed in his journal the grave as well as the light things that he heard. They would have been out of place there and out of character. Moore was no Boswell, and even Boswell himself would not have retailed effectively, the gravities of social intercourse; he was content to chronicle the sayings of one man — there are not many instances of his attempting conversations — and those of a man more than usually pithy and sententious. In the following remarks made by Lord John, we do, however, most heartily agree, and we invite attention to them. They are as charmingly felt as they are well and delicately expressed.

It must be obvious, to any one who has read these pages, that the character of Moore was not difficult to understand, although, like that of most men, it was not without inconsistencies and contradictions. With a keen sense of enjoyment, he loved music and poetry, the world and the playhouse, the large circle of society, and the narrow precincts of his home. His heart was thrilled by deep feelings of devotion, and his mind expatiated over the wide field of philosophy. In all that he did, and wrote, and spoke, there was a freedom and a frankness which alarmed and delighted: — frightened old men of the world, and charmed young men and young women who were something better than the world. With a love and affection ready to burst out on all sides, he felt as he sang:

They may rail at this life: from the hour I began it,

I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,

More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,

If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love,
and me.

I have not endeavored to conceal his weaknesses. I have allowed it to be seen that he was dazzled by the first aspect of London society; that in making confessions to his mother which he would not make to any one else, he avowed his delight at being noticed by the Prince of Wales, and chronicled all the praises which his poems received. Sagacious persons have thence argued that he had a great deal of vanity. A few words on this topic may not be amiss.

There is much truth in the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, that "what most offends us in the vanity of others is that it jars with our own." Every one says to himself, "There is a man so absorbed with his own merits that he does not perceive mine." Still there are different kinds of vanity, and each partakes of the character of

the person in whom it resides. Of these kinds the worst is that which makes little display, but is continually at work in depreciating others that our own superiority may become conspicuous. A vanity of this kind is largely mixed with envy. It is an envy too the more odious, as it is not content with hating some single person, or aiming at some single advantage, but hates every person who is admired and loved, and every quality for which a person is admired and loved. This kind of vanity cannot bear that a girl of eighteen should be admired for her beauty, or a child of three for its prattle. Any thing that attracts and absorbs attention is gall and wormwood to it. But above all, when that particular merit which competes with its own supposed eminence is admired, nothing is spared to injure, to depreciate, to depress the person thus endowed. The most secret bonds of friendship, the strongest ties of affection, are broken to indulge its boundless passion. Truly did Mr. Sheridan say, that ambition and avarice are not so destructive in their rage or so furious in their career as vanity. He must have meant vanity of this kind. There is another kind of vanity, which is in many respects the opposite of that which I have described. It is open and ingenuous, taking for granted that all the world adopts its own estimate of its own excellence, and therefore in excellent humor with all the world. If the world sneers and depreciates, a person of this character ascribes the sarcasm to the malignity of some one, or some few, and goes on satisfied and happy as before. Vanity of this kind is often joined with much kindness, and even with simplicity and candor. It is compatible with a high appreciation of the works and acts of others. It often overflows in benevolence towards family, friends, neighbors, and mankind in general.

Most emphatically just also is Lord John's remark on Moore's marriage, and his noble wife.

The character of Moore was much influenced, however, by conversation of a very different kind from that of philosophers or poets. It is impossible to read many pages of his "Journal," without perceiving that the conversation of women had for him a very great attraction; and that among women he always preferred the natural, the simple, and the amiable, to the learned, the brilliant, and the wise. Or rather, perhaps I should say, he considered that the women who had the truest hearts had likewise the best minds; and that the authoress who shines as a wit, too frequently loses that quick perception of the just and the unjust, the truth and the pretence, which seems to belong, as an instinct, to the less celebrated of her sex. If Moore's taste in this respect may have misled him in his youth, he was saved from final error by his marriage to one of the noblest of women. Mrs. Moore brought him no fortune; indeed it was intended that she should earn her living by the stage; and Moore, afraid that so unworlily a match might displease his parents, at first concealed from them the fact of his marriage. But the excellence of his wife's moral character: her energy and courage; her

abhorrence of all meanness; her disinterested abstinence from amusement; her persevering economy; made her a better, and even a richer partner to Moore, than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct.

There are other points extremely noticeable in these journals, upon which we must reserve our comment, lest we encroach upon space that may be better filled with delightful and most amusing selections from the volumes before us. We now close for the present by appending a string of these, taken with no great care of selection.

First let us give a batch of notices of Sydney Smith — some of them admirable :

27th. Breakfasted at Rogers's : Sydney Smith, Lord Cawdor, G. Fortesque, and Warburton. Smith, full of comicality and fancy; kept us all in roars of laughter. In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle when he was speaking, "Sir, your observation has caught fire." Then imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit; the engines called to put him out; no water to be had, the man at the water-works being an Unitarian or an Atheist. Said of some one "He has no command over his understanding; it is always getting between his legs and tripping him up." Left Rogers's with Smith, to go and assist him in choosing a grand pianoforte; found him (as I have often done before) change at once from the gay, uproarious way, into as solemn, grave, and austere a person as any bench of judges or bishops could supply: this I rather think his natural character. Called with him at Newton's to see my picture: said in his gravest manner to Newton, "Could n't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church establishment?" Went with him from thence to two pianoforte makers: chose one at Broadwood's.

Dined at Agar Ellis's: company, Lord and Lady Harewood, the Archbishop of York, and his wife and daughter; Greville, Lord and Lady Clifton, Sydney Smith, etc. Sat next to Sydney Smith, right opposite Lord Harewood and the Archbishop! an odd conjunction of signs. Some demonstrations of aristocracy from my Lord Harewood, in speaking of Marshall, the manufacturer, who is candidate for the county of York; Smith and Ellis stood up for the manufacturer. In the evening sung a good deal; among other things my rebel song, "Oh, where's the Slave," which gave rise to a good deal of fun from Sydney, about turning the Archbishop into a rebel. "But it's fast subsiding," he said; "his Grace is relapsing into loyalty; if you don't sing another song you'll lose him." The "Watchman" was what seemed particularly to please both the Archbishop and his daughter. Heard Ellis telling Smith what great delight he had "in showing Moore to Torice." Set Smith at home in a hackney coach.

On my remarking how well and good-humoredly Ellis had mixed us all up together, Smith said, "That's the great use of a good conversational cook, who says to his company, 'I'll make a good pudding of you; it's no matter what you came into the bowl, you must come out a pudding.' 'Dear me,' says one of the ingredients, 'was n't I just now an egg?' but he feels the batter sticking to him," etc., etc.

In writing to Sydney Smith to-day, sending him Crabbe's address, which he wanted, I said that "I was sorry he had gone away so soon from Ellis's the other night, as I had improved (i. e. in my singing) afterwards, and he was one of the few I always wished to do my best for." In answer to this received the following flattering note from him, written evidently under the impression that I had been annoyed by his going away.

"My dear Moore, — By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side-dishes, I swear that I had rather hear you sing than any person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but beautiful poetry floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling? Call me Dissembler, say that my cassock is ill put on, that I know not the delicacies of decimation, and confound the greater and the smaller tithes; but do not think or say that I am insensible to your music. The truth is, that I took a solemn oath to Mrs. Beauclerk to be there by ten, and set off, to prevent perjury, at eleven; but was seized with a violent pain in the stomach by the way, and went to bed.

"Yours ever, my dear Moore, very sincerely,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

Talking of a paragraph lately which stated that all the Church dignitaries meant to resign in case the threatened Church Reform was brought forward, he went off at score on the sad state we should be reduced to by such a resignation; our being obliged to send to America to borrow a bishop. "Have you such a thing as a bishop you could lend us? Shall keep him only a fortnight, and return him with new cassock," etc.

Home to dress, and got to Lansdowne House about twenty minutes after twelve; and entered one door just as Orloff, the newly-arrived lion, was disappearing through the other. . . . Found Sydney Smith holding forth to a laughing circle on the subject of tithes and the Tripartite division: "I am sorry to tell you," said he, "that the great historian Hallam has declared himself in favor of the Tripartite, and contends that it was so in the reign of King Fiddlefred: but we of the Church (continued Sydney, slapping his breast mock heroically) say, a fig for King Fiddlefred: we will keep our tithes to ourselves."

Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, where I saw many I wished to see, among others Sydney Smith. In talking of the Irish Church and pronouncing it a nuisance, he said, "I have always compared it to setting up butchers' shops in Hin-

dostan, where they don't eat meat: 'We don't want this,' they say. 'Aye, aye, true enough, but you must support our shop.'" Frankland Lewis asked me to dine with him on the 28th to meet Sydney Smith, and on my answering that unluckily I was engaged, Smith said, "Fix him for that day in the year 1849; he will dine with you then, that is if it be leap year; to your regular diner-out the bissextile makes a vast difference."

Bobus makes occasional appearance too.

Heard to-day that when Canning's speech the other night, threw all the country gentlemen into consternation, Bobus Smith said, "a brand among the bullocks." On one of the country gentlemen saying, "we must return to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked, "What food does he mean?" "Thistles, I suppose," said Tierney.

Jekyll figures frequently, but not always so happily as might be expected.

In talking of the duke of —, Jekyll mentioned, that for years, whenever he met him, his R. H. used to ask regularly, "I hope your two daughters are well?" (Jekyll's being two sons): to which Jekyll would answer, "Quite well, thank your R. H.; they are both at Westminster;" and the Prince's reply was always "They could not be better placed." An excellent specimen of the sort of attention royal questioners pay to their answerers.

Jekyll at Merchant Tailors' Hall being asked by one of that body to translate the motto, *Concordia res parvæ crescunt*, said it meant "Nine tailors make a man." A conceited man of the name of D'Oyley having said that he wished to be called De Oyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus, "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some De-umping?" Story of an Englishman giving a *carte* of a restaurateur (which he happened to have in his pocket) instead of his passport, and the *gendarme* maliciously reading it and looking at him, "*Tête de veau; pied de cochon; ça suffit, Monsieur, c'est vous.*"

Story of a sick man telling his symptoms (which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful) to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming!" "Delightful!" "Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint, which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

Here is a good anecdote of Brougham on the hustings at Liverpool, told by his fellow-candidate and victim, Mr. Creevey.

Mentioned Brougham's having exhausted every topic in his speeches, leaving him (Creevey) nothing to say; and on Creevey's remonstrating with him, B. said, "Oh! well, I shall behave better to-morrow." Accordingly, on the morrow he took particular pains not to leave a single topic connected with the subject untouched, and

having fairly picked it to the bone, concluded by saying, "but, I ought to apologize for having occupied your attention, and the more so as Mr. Creevey, who is to address you after me, has a great deal of new and interesting matter to submit to you."

And now for a few miscellaneous matters well worth quoting.

Bowles (between whom, by the by, and Hobhouse there was a peace-making to-day, both shaking hands) told me that the house near Devizes with the ridiculous image of Apollo in the garden, naked and as large as life, is always pointed out by the stage coachmen as mine, the passengers exclaiming, "And an Apollo in the garden; how very appropriate."

Walked with Sydney Smith; told me his age: turned sixty. Asked me how I felt about dying. Answered that if my mind was but at ease about the comfort of those I left behind, I should leave the world without much regret, having passed a very happy life, and enjoyed (as much, perhaps, as ever man did yet) all that is enjoyable in it; the only single thing I have had to complain of being want of money. I could therefore die with the same words that Jortin died: "I have had enough of everything."

Apròpos of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time; upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office-shelf, and looking into it, said: "So you ought, sir, and three more."

Dined at Lady Davy's. Story of the man asking another, whom he was about to help to chicken, whether he wished the leg or wing? "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the other; "and infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork and resuming his own dinner.

Scott mentioned the contrast in the behavior of two criminals, whom he had himself seen: the one a woman who had poisoned her husband in some drink, which she gave him while he was ill; the man not having the least suspicion, but leaning his head on her lap, while she still mixed more poison in the drink, as he became thirsty and asked for it. The other a man, who had made a bargain to sell a *subject* (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a bag; the surgeon's surprise at hearing it cry out; the man then saying, "Oh, you wanted it dead, did you?" and stepping behind a tree and killing it. The woman (who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast) stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence; while the man, on the contrary, yelled out, and showed the most disgusting cowardice. Scott added that this suggested to him the scene in "Marmion."

Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying, when Lord ——— yawned during his own speech:

"Come, come, the fellow *does* show some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province." Lord Ellenborough being once met going out of the House of Lords while Lord ——— was speaking, "What! are you going?" said the person to him. "Why, yes," answered Lord E., "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time." Talked of Sir David Baird, his roughness, etc. His mother said, when she heard of his being taken prisoner at Seringapatam, and of the prisoners being chained together, two and two, "God help the man that's tied to my Davie."

But some of Lord Lansdowne's stories are among the very best recorded; and with these we shall conclude for the present.

In speaking of French readings, Lord L. told very lively of his being nailed one evening, after a dinner at Benjamin Constant's, to hear Benjamin read a novel: he (Lord L.) wanting to go somewhere else. Two long hours was he kept under this operation, seated next Madame Constant; when by good luck for him her favorite Tom-cat, which had, contrary to custom, been excluded, on this occasion watched its opportunity of entrance and made a sudden irruption into the room. "Instantly (says Lord Lansdowne), with an adroitness of which I could have hardly thought myself capable, I started up, as if indignant at the interruption, and seizing the cat in my arms, rushed out with him upon the landing-place, from whence I lost no time in escaping as fast as possible to the hall door."

Lord L. mentioned the circumstance of Vansittart going to see the Millbank Penitentiary, on a day as it happened, when the prisoners, who had been long discontented with their bread, meant to take vengeance on the governor, by shying their loaves at him. Poor Van, having been recommended to sit down in the governor's chair, as the best place to see the prison from, was no sooner seated than a shower of these loaves from all quarters flew about his ears, and almost annihilated him.

Talked of Erskine's speech in defence of Peter Pindar for a libel against Lord Lonsdale, in which he had compared Lord Lonsdale to the devil. Erskine dwelt on the grandeur of the devil as described by Milton, and insisted that it was rather he that should be displeased at being compared to Lord Lonsdale. The devil (Lord Lansdowne said) was always a favorite theme with Erskine, and he had once heard him say that he looked upon him as "a great celestial statesman out of place!"

Lord L. told of some one who mentioned at a large dinner that he had seen that day in the street a most extraordinary sight; namely, a very handsome carriage driving about with four monkeys in it. "*Pardon, monsieur*," said a little Prussian nobleman who was among the company, "*c'étoit moi et mes trois singes.*"

Lord L. said that the late Duke of Marlborough having been forbid all sorts of excitement (or

being himself afraid of it), the invitations of the duchess were always accompanied with a promise that the person invited should not make the duke laugh; if any such effect was likely to be produced, the guest must stay away. The duke at one time did not speak for three years; and the first thing that made him break this long silence was hearing that Madame de Stael was coming to Blenheim, when he exclaimed, "Take me away!"

That last touch conveys to us decidedly the most vivid notion of Madame de Staël that we have ever received. We shall not hereafter think so ill of Napoleon for his extreme desire that somebody should take *her* away.

From the Athenæum.

AMELIA OPIE.

THE death of Amelia Opie, aged eighty-five, is one among the thick-coming mementos which mark not merely the flight of Time, but the quality of popular fame. In her day, the part played by Mrs. Opie was not an obscure one. She was first known in her birth-place, Norwich, as the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Dr. Alderson, a physician of that cathedral town—and this at a time when Norwich possessed other local celebrities besides herself. Subsequently, as the fascinating second wife of the "Cornish wonder," Mrs. Opie, by her grace and her musical talents, drew a circle round her in London, only broken up by the untimely death of her husband the Painter, in 1807. This social reputation, too, was largely helped—nay, in the first instance, perhaps, created—by the attention which Mrs. Opie excited and retained as a novelist. She was sought and prized as one of the women of genius of her time,—and the list then included Harriet Lee, Charlotte Smith, Madame D'Arbly, Mrs. Inchbald, the Porters, Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and Anne Radcliffe:—most of these pioneers, if not positive inventors in fiction,—who opened in Romance, historical and supernatural, in Domestic fiction, and in the National tale,—paths that the proudest men (as Sir Walter Scott bears witness for us) were only too glad to follow further, when their turn and time of appeal to the public came. Were they now published, Mrs. Opie's "Simple Tales," her "Tales of the Heart," her "Father and Daughter," (the most popular, perhaps of her novels) would be thought to want both body and soul; to be poor as regards invention, slight in manner—unreal in sentiment,—and they are so, if they be tried against the best writings by the Authors of "The Admiral's Daughter," and "Mary Barton," and "Jane Eyre." In their day, however, they were cherished, and wept over, as moving and truthful. They won for their authoress a Continental reputation; and one of them, "The Father and Daughter," in its translated and dramatized form as the opera "Agnese," with Paër's expressive music (some of Paër's best) and Ambrogetti's harrowing personation of the principal character, will connect Amelia Opie's

name with Opera so long as the chronicles of Music shall be written.

In these pursuits, accomplishments and successes, the girlhood, married life, and first years of widowhood of Amelia Opie passed over. Then came a change: strange, though not without its parallel in the history of women of beauty, genius, and social success. She became tired of the world, its pomps, pleasures, and vanities,—and, attracted, it is believed, by the influence exercised over her mind by Mr. Joseph John Gurney of Earham, (the brother of Mrs. Fry, and one of the most learned and refined of Quakers,) Amelia Opie sought and obtained a membership in that sect, of which the ordinances admit neither music, nor tale-telling, nor the entrance of frivolous and imaginative gaiety in any form. When she repaired to London from Norwich, it was to the Friends' yearly Meeting, or to the platform of some philanthropic assembly,—on which the slave, the prisoner, or some other "desolate and oppressed" creature was the magnet of attraction. What was more noticeable still by way of attesting the sincerity of a neophyte, Amelia Opie did her best to force her old self, the novelist, into her new uniform of staid silk bonnet and dove-colored shawl. After having ceased for some years from imaginative creation, the newly-fledged Friend suddenly appeared as the authoress of "Illustrations of Lying,"—a work in which Fiction, by thought, word, or work, was whimsically denounced in a series of small fictions. This was followed by "Detraction Displayed,"—a second draught from the same fountain. But neither in the world she had quitted nor in the world she had entered were these hybrid attempts to reconcile "old things with new" received with any extraordinary complacency. The fame of "The Father and Daughter" and of the opera "Agnese" could not be got rid of, *could not* be dyed drab,—and, for its sake, the worldly world of critics forgave the feebleness and unconscious disingenuousness of Amelia Opie's later attempts to reconcile callings, habits, and associations essentially and sternly irreconcilable.

After some years of these new efforts, Amelia Opie gently and gracefully oscillated back to some place and pleasure in the world, where her earlier, and, we think, her more real life had been led. She was once more seen, though still as a Friend, in general society,—and when seen there was always welcome for the vivacity of her manner, the kindness of her heart, and her anecdotes and reminiscences of gone-by worlds of Art and Fancy. By those who were personally acquainted with her, Amelia Opie must be always pleasantly remembered;—by those who knew her not, she can never be overlooked, when the works and claims of the English authoresses of the nineteenth century have to be summed up.

A letter from Athens states that a German sculptor named Siogel has discovered the long-lost quarries of the red and green antique marbles; the red antique on the Southern part of the chain of Taygete, and the green on the Northern side of the island of Tinos.

From The Athenæum.

Western India: Reports addressed to the Chambers of Commerce of Manchester, Liverpool, Blackburn and Glasgow. By the late Alexander Mackay, Esq.; edited by James Robertson, Esq. Cooke.

It will be very well remembered in several quarters that, in 1850, Mr. Mackay was sent by the cotton manufacturers to India, for the purpose of reporting on the circumstances which render the cotton trade of that country so unsatisfactory. It was considered at the time, and this volume will amply confirm the impression, that in obtaining Mr. Mackay as their commissioner, the manufacturers were in no ordinary degree successful. For some years Mr. Mackay was a resident in the United States as the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*:—and his book entitled “The Western World,” published within the last five years, is admitted on good grounds to be one of the most faithful and intelligent descriptions of the people and institutions of the Union hitherto written. On Mr. Mackay’s return to England he took an important position in the service of the journal for which he had acted in America; and he was one of the principal contributors to the series of papers on Labor and the Poor, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* in the course of 1849 and 1850. His engagement for the Indian mission was his next employment. He sailed for Bombay in the early part of 1851, and entered immediately upon the duties he had undertaken. He appears to have thoroughly explored the great cotton region of Guzerat, and to have acquired considerable personal knowledge of the other provinces of the Bombay Presidency. But a constitution never robust gave way under the climate and the fatigue. He found himself rapidly sinking at the end of the summer of last year (1852), and he hastened to embark for Europe. He died before the steamer reached Suez.

There can be little doubt that by the premature death of Mr. Mackay—for we believe his age did not much exceed thirty—the country sustained a loss. Raising himself solely by his attainments and his energy from a humble sphere, peculiar circumstances placed him in possession while yet very young of an extent and maturity of knowledge very rarely found in a person starting with limited advantages; and in his case it happened that a calm and firm judgment enabled him to apply with great practical sagacity the information of which he made himself master. In Mr. Mackay’s book on America, in the papers on Labor and the Poor, and in the Reports now published, it is impossible not to be struck with the clearness and force of the writer. The descriptions and the reasonings are with

very few exceptions those of a man who wrote from the fullness of his own command over the subject he had in hand. And this was Mr. Mackay’s great merit. Tried by other tests, it would be easy to find serious faults; but no criticism can ever invalidate his claim to be regarded as a witness of intelligence, firmness and integrity, and of a singular calmness and strength of judgment. His connection with the daily press was of mixed advantage to him as the author of works of magnitude. On the one hand, it gave him great readiness and resources of language, but, on the other, it led him into a conventional and frequently a verbose style. If he had lived to reach England in health, after a successful completion of his Indian mission, we may assume that a career of honorable distinction would have added in his case another illustration to those already existing of men of distinguished eminence springing from the ranks of the leading portion of the Press.

The volume of Reports, now published, will increase Mr. Mackay’s reputation. In many respects it is the best book which has hitherto appeared on the apparently infinite question of Indian cotton. The writer was well qualified for his task; and he was enabled to prosecute his labors in connection with that task at full leisure, and in the midst of the circumstances and facts to be described. The book is, therefore, elaborate and genuine; and it will go further towards clearing the question of difficulties than any publication which has, so far, appeared on the side of the manufacturers.

We cannot, however, praise the manner in which the book is laid before the public. Mr. Bazley inserts a long preface, without any very distinct purpose, and Mr. Robertson’s duties as editor are, apparently, confined within exceedingly narrow limits. It may be said that no extraneous information was required by those who, as the retainers of Mr. Mackay, were fully acquainted with his own history and with that of his mission. The answer might be conclusive if the book had been a private document confined to private distribution:—but when it was determined to appeal through Mr. Mackay’s Reports to the public, proper and reasonable care should have been taken that the public had the whole case before them. A concise and simple outline of Mr. Mackay’s title to attention would have been worth at least a dozen of Mr. Bazley’s prefaces, and a similar practical *précis* of the history of the cotton controversy, and of the events which led to Mr. Mackay’s employment, would have done credit to Mr. Robertson, and good service to the cause in which he labors. It is particularly unfortunate that in a publication where so much depends on the character of the reporter, effec-

tual care has not been taken to indicate Mr. Mackay's career and qualifications. In a few particulars respecting him, just given by ourselves, we have written mostly from memory.

Mr. Mackay's Reports will add strength to the arguments of those who maintain that, but for artificial hindrances, India would be a formidable and constant competitor with America in the cotton markets of this country, — and, Mr. Mackay thinks, even at Lowell itself. The minute and specific statements in the volume before us of excessive assessment — of slovenly and ineffective agriculture — of abominable roads — of gross carelessness throughout the whole of the processes preliminary to the shipment of the cotton at Bombay — and of a land tenure which, in effect, amounts to no more than a tenancy at will, and deprives the ryot of all substantial motive for vigorous exertion — will not fail to produce considerable effect. Mr. Mackay's statements, if open to criticism on the ground of local inaccuracy, will no doubt call forth the proper answers. If they are not questioned, it will remain with the parties mainly interested to take care that an adequate remedy for these evils be sought in the right quarter. Hitherto the manufacturers have made slow progress in their schemes of Indian cotton growing, because they have taken no effectual steps to help themselves. Experiments and inquiries on the spot, — the specific evidence of intelligent and trustworthy men, who have ascertained by trial in India the vices of the present system, — are worth a wilderness of disquisitions and a century of Parliamentary Committees. There seems to be no doubt whatever that Western India can grow cotton as well as, and more cheaply than, America, — and we repeat, that it will do so, if the party who sent out Mr. Mackay will follow up their judicious and practical measures with the energy and common sense, of which Lancashire is supposed to be the central region.

We will endeavor to assist the manufacturers in their national object by quoting the passage in which Mr. Mackay certainly appears to establish on good grounds the possibility of raising cheap cotton in India. The passage is rather long, but it will repay perusal. It is as follows: —

I am prepared for being met with the assertion, that Indian cotton can be laid down in Liverpool at a cheaper rate than 4d. per pound. How far that may be the case with cotton produced in other parts of the country, I am not now prepared to say; nor do I doubt that cotton from Guzerat has been frequently imported at a lower rate than that specified. But that entirely depends upon cotton being parted with on the Bombay Green at a sacrifice. If cotton is bought there at 75 rupees per candy, it may be laid down in

Liverpool at 3d. per pound; but were such to continue its price for two or three consecutive years, cotton would soon disappear from the Bombay Green as an article of export. Guzerat cotton cannot at present be laid down in Liverpool at 3d. per pound without entailing heavy losses upon some or all of those engaged in the trade antecedent to the shipper in Bombay. In such case, the losses which might be at first distributed, would soon be made to accumulate upon the cultivator, who would speedily sink under them, unless Government came forward and shared them by granting him remissions. The losses of one year, when cotton sells at 75 rupees per candy, may be made up the next, when its price may be from 100 to 120 rupees. But unless, taking one year with another (in view of the outlays to which the cultivator is at present subjected), its average price rose to upwards of 90 rupees, the production of cotton in Guzerat would speedily be annihilated. In the eight years from 1834 to 1841, both inclusive, it only once dipped below 90, viz., in February and March, 1840, having been up as high as 185 in August, 1836, and at 210 in September, 1835. In 1842, it dropped to 90 in May; but throughout July and August ranged as high as 105. Throughout the whole of 1846 its average price was about 80. In 1847, it was about 97. Next year was a year of depression, the price throughout March and part of April having been about 90; from which it rapidly fell in May to 80, and reached 65 by the close of the year. In 1849 it rose to 105. In 1850, for three months, it ranged about 145, and in 1851 it fell again to about 105. It will thus be seen that for the last eighteen years prices have, on the whole, been maintained at above 90; but with the terrible depressions of 1846 and 1848 still fresh in their remembrance, the shippers here are not without apprehension that the remunerating price, in view of the present cost of production, cannot, on the average of years, be maintained, and that consequently the cultivation of cotton, and with it the cotton trade, must decline. To meet so probable an emergency, one obvious resource is, to lower the remunerating point at which cotton can be purchased here for export, by *reducing the cost of production*. Another is, to enhance the price of Indian cotton in the Liverpool market, by *improving its quality*. Unless something of the kind be done, Indian cotton must continue to struggle with its rival under great disadvantages. American cotton is produced and forwarded to market, under every advantage which it can ever enjoy. Indian cotton must be put upon the same footing; it also must be cultivated *under every possible advantage*, ere it can be expected to engage in successful competition. The struggle will be a more equal one when both articles are thus produced under every possible advantage; and there is all the more reason to get rid of every artificial drawback in its way, seeing that even then, in distance from market, Indian cotton must still continue to labor under an insurmountable natural disadvantage. But the two can never approximate an equality of advantages so long as, in a variety of ways, the cost of producing one of them is subjected to an artificial enhancement

from which the other is exempt. Let us see, then, at what a cost, under a more liberal fiscal system, cotton might be produced in Guzerat, so as successfully to compete with American cotton at all times and at all prices. There are some, as already noticed, who think that before agriculture in Guzerat can attain its proper footing, the assessment must be lowered to twelve anas, or three-quarters of a rupee per beega. But let us suppose that it is reduced to a rupee, — no very extravagant supposition, seeing that a rupee is twenty per cent. of the value of the cotton produce, and about twenty-five per cent. of the general produce (cotton and grain) of the beega; and, also, that such a reduction would only be an extension of the principle on which Government professes to act in revising the assessment of the Deccan. I have already shown the other outlays of the cultivator to amount to 1 rupee 10 anas per beega; but under a more improved system of husbandry these outlays might be reduced to 1 rupee 4 anas, or a rupee and a quarter per beega. That this is not too great a reduction to anticipate will be seen from the fact, that Mr. Landon, of Broach, has cultivated a beega at the cost of 1 rupee. With the landed system of the province on a proper footing — that is to say, with the beegotee system prevailing — a host of middlemen, in the shape of bhagdars, etc., would be got rid of, whose exactions now add materially to the cost of cultivation. Were the means of communication improved, and the country properly opened up, the European would soon take the place of the Wakharia, and the native agent be entirely dispensed with. With proper presses, too, established in the country, and Europeans to deal with, in whom confidence could be placed as regards the quality and condition of the cotton, the cost of re-pressing in Bombay might be entirely got rid of. With the cultivation of cotton and the trade in it once on this footing, its cost price to the cultivator and exporter respectively would be as follows:—

To the Cultivator.	R.	a.	p.
Assessment on 16 beegas at 1 rupee per beega	16	0	0
Other outlays, at 1 rupee 4 anas per beega	20	0	0
Interest on money borrowed, say	3	0	0
Total cost to cultivator	39	0	0

or close upon 1½d. per lb. Allowing him a profit of 20 per cent. upon all his outlays, which is more than in the former case, this would bring the remunerating price to the cultivator up to 1½d. per lb., or 48½ rupees, say 50 rupees per candy, in other words, 20 rupees per bhar of kuppas. Supposing the Wakharia supplanted by the European, and allowing him 9 per cent., the same rate of profits as the Wakharia, his profit would be 4½, or say 5 rupees upon a candy. The native agent would be dispensed with; while there would be a fall in the item of insurance, on account of the fall in value of the article insured; together with a fall in the freight from Guzerat to Bombay, owing to the smaller size of the bales from superior pressing. The fall in the two items of freight and insurance would go far towards counterbalancing any small addition which

might be made to the freight to Liverpool from the partial swelling of the bales on their way to Bombay. Taking all these charges however, the same as before, we should have the cost price at Bombay made up as follows—

	R.	a.	p.
Price of the kuppas	50	0	0
European dealer's profit	5	0	0
Transport to port of shipment, say	0	10	0
Freight to Bombay	3	0	0
Insurance	1	0	0
Minor charges at Bombay	0	6	0

Total cost at port of shipment, per candy 60 0 0

or about 1½d. per lb., say 2d. per lb. If to this be added ¾d. per lb., as before, —d. for freight to Liverpool, and ¾d. for insurance and charges in Liverpool, we have 2½d. as the cost price of Guzerat cotton in Liverpool, instead of 4d. as before. Comparing this with the cost price of American cotton at Liverpool, we have a difference of 35 per cent. in the relative prices of the two articles, that of the Indian cotton being a reduction to that extent on the price of American. Between their relative values, as before stated, there is generally a difference of 25 per cent., on account of their difference as regards quality. Here, then, we have a gain on the score of price, of 10 per cent. on the difference on the score of quality. Under such circumstances, the quality of Indian cotton would be much improved; and that, combined with moderate prices, would lead to an unprecedented increase of consumption in England; and with so great a difference in price compensating for the difference in quality, American "bowed" and "uplands" might, for most purposes of the manufacturer, find in Indian cotton a very formidable competitor, even in the market of Lowell itself.

During the last two or three years the public have been exceedingly fortunate in the appearance of a considerable number of books on India remarkable for great excellencies; and to the list of these works, — works which will contribute in no small degree to the improvement of India and the advantage of this country, — we have now to add these posthumous papers of Mr. Mackay.

DUMAS IN AMERICA. —Alexander Dumas has written a letter to a friend in New York, in which he says: "Find for me on the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Ohio, a corner where, surrounded by my chosen friends, I may spend my last days, and die in tranquillity under the sun of liberty." It is stated that M. Dumas has already confided several manuscript works to the hands of his agents, who have established a publishing house in New York, for the purpose of bringing them out originally and exclusively in this city. The manuscript of his comedy, the "Youth of Louis XIV." which was prohibited at the Theatre Français, is in the hands of his agents. Several of the New York managers are in negotiation for its production.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ALEXANDER SMITH'S POEMS.

MOST readers of Alexander Smith's verses it may be presumed, have first met with them in the shape of extracts and fragmentary specimens, as quoted piecemeal in the journals and magazines of the day. And, equally, it may be presumed, few who have so met with them, have not been attracted to read him in the completeness of his own volume. May it not be yet again presumed, that disappointment on the whole has been the result? In fact, is not this singularly-gifted minstrel more effective by far when heard, as it were, in broken outbursts of song, and fitful gusts of melody, than when fully equipped in his singing-robcs he essays to charm and subdue by a sustained effort, by strains of linked sweetness *long drawn out*?

When Sir Walter Scott wanted a motto for a new chapter, concerning the fate of Ravenswood, or the fortunes of Nigel, rather than be at the trouble of hunting up something suitable from Anderson's British poets, or Lamb's Dramatic Specimens, he would spin out a web from his own brain, and simply underline the product, "Old Play." These often brilliant bits of fiction, forged for the occasion, as they differ in kind, so perhaps they are sometimes, as far as they go, superior in degree, to the poetry of his duly finished lyrical romances. Now in Alexander Smith's volume of poems, there are scores upon scores of passages which, isolated and presented motto-wise, might be similarly underlined "Old Play"—and which all but the adept connoisseurs of criticism might really believe to be borrowed from some richly tropical dramatist of Elizabethan days; modernized a little, perchance, but that not much. You might write *Shakspeare* under a few such passages and "the general" would not demur, but might simply differ among themselves, whether the particular excerpt were from *Love's Labor Lost*, or from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. As for Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ford, Webster and Jonson, Middleton and Dekker, Chapman and Shirley, with perfect impunity you might draw on their names to almost any amount—the aforesaid modernization always provided. An eclectic Dodd's book of "Beauties" would give a not unjust notion of Alexander Smith, although in appraising *Shakspeare* such a book is "tolerable, and not to be endured."

For, it must be owned, the Glasgow * poet's conduct of a story—his constructive power, as exhibited in his chief performance—is "stark naught." His "Life-Drama" is nei-

ther life-like nor dramatic. The *dramatis personæ* are hardly to be known one from another, unless by a diligent consultation of the names prefixed to their several rhapsodies. What the plot is, is not to be known at all, by any consultation whatever. All we can gather is that the hero has been guilty of something distressingly bad, but we are quite in the dark as to what it may have been: although, to judge by the manner of his self-accusations it would seem to have been, as Mrs. Quickly would say, "wilful adultery and murder," at the least. After all, however, it may not have been so bad—may have been nothing of the kind—only Walter's ravings leave us to surmise the gloomiest, and be prepared for the worst. Again and again we feel constrained to say to him: Nay, but sit down, there's a good soul, and keep yourself quiet a while, and do tell us what it's all about? Is it an Old Bailey case or a case of whiskey-toddy? Is it indigestion *in esse* that afflicts you, or the gallows *in posse*? Under which curse, Bezo-nian?

In the department of similitudes and imagery, wherewith to adorn his tale, though not to point his moral, Mr. Smith is probably unrivalled among his contemporaries, for astonishing affluence and prodigal expenditure. A trope flies from out his mouth whenever he opens it. His "plainest intention" is made to "curl with metaphors." * Had he been born and bred a little further north, in St. Kilda itself, he would, we cannot but think, have been a living refutation of Johnson's assertion, that St. Kilda poetry must needs be very barren of imagery. "We had in the course of our tour," says Boswell, "heard of St. Kilda poetry. Dr. Johnson observed, 'It must be very poor, because they have but very few images.' BOSWELL: "There may be a poetical genius shown in combining these, and in making poetry of them." JOHNSON: "Sir, a man cannot make fire but in proportion as he has fuel. He cannot coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." Now Alexander Smith coins guineas past reckoning out of a surprisingly small nugget of bullion. Had he lived all his days on St. Kilda's rocks, he might have written just as readily as he *has* done, every one of the images in his poetry, and they are Legion. For whence are his images taken? From sources which might be studied far more favorably in the bleak prison-island of Lady Grange, than in the bustling city of St. Mungo. The sea—the sun moon and stars. In devotion to the latter, Alexander Smith might divide honors

* "I sought out," says the Country Parson "quaint words and trim invention—

My thoughts began to burnish, sprout and swell,
Curling with metaphors, a plain intention,
Decking the sense as if it were to sell."

GEORGE HERBERT.

* Though Glaswegian by "breeding," by "birth" Mr. Smith is, we believe, of Kilmarnock,—the town which had the honor of giving to the world the first edition of Burns.

with Galileo, in a right to the title "starry." Like the children of Leda, he deserves to be exalted hereafter among the stars, —

Λαμπρών ἀστρων πολλον ἐξανασας.

We have our fears, in sooth, that had he lived in the days of Elias the prophet, and been one of the mixed multitude on Mount Carmel, who were adjured to choose that day whom they would serve, his voice would have been for the sun-god. As an infant in his nurse's arms, we suspect him of crying for the moon with high treble vehemence. When a petticoated Ayrshire laddie, conning Divine Songs for Children, his favorite piece was doubtless, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star"—and the line, "How I wonder what you are!" he must have repeated with wistful dreamy intensity. Can he sympathize with the patriarch Job in accounting it criminal atheism to worship the host of heaven:—"if I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand?" Rather would he make one of those "airy spirits" described by Ben Jonson, which

— play with falling stars,
And mount the sphere of fire, to kiss the moon.

In the one particular of sunset "effects," what vigor and variety his descriptions show! He may apply to himself what Wordsworth says—"an auxiliar light came from my mind, which on the setting sun bestowed new splendor." Now he stands with forehead bathed with sunset on a mountain's summer crown — (dear to him should be mountain heights, if only because, like *sovrän Blanc*, visited all night by troops of stars) — and looks up toward the descending shadows of darkness. Now he watches a sunset amid orchestral thunders, the gloom rift with golden furrows, and the black masses finally melted to a sphere of rosy light. Now he pictures the western sky all washed with fire, while, in the midst, the sun beats like a pulse, welling at every beat a spreading wave of lustre. Then again the sunset hangs before him like a dream that shakes a demon in his fiery lair—the clouds standing around like gaping caves, fantastic pinnacles, citadels throbbing in their own fierce light, tall spires that come and go like spires of flame, cliffs quivering with fire-snow, and peaks of piled gorgeousness, and rocks of fire a-tilt and poised, bare beaches, crimson seas, all *huddled* in that dreadful west, and trembling in unsteadfast light before the blaze of the angry sun.* Then again he depicts Night mounting her

chariot in the eastern glooms to chase the flying sun, whose flight has left foot-prints of glory in the clouded west—the cloudy manes of her swimming steeds wet with heavy dews—bats and grisly owls on noiseless wings flocking round her in the pale, spectral light. At another time, and in another mood, he espies the same sun large and red, his day's work done, sitting right portly within the lazy west, and staring at the world with a round, rubicund, wine-bibbing face. Then the sun is represented as, *Cæsar-like*, gathering his robes around him as he falls. Then, as waited on by clouds previously attired in homely dun and gray; but now, like parasites that dress themselves in smiles to feed a great man's eye—putting on in haste their purple mantles trimmed with ragged gold, and congregating in a shining crowd, to flatter with bright faces the sinking orb. Again, the poet marks how the sun-set builds a city frail as dream, with bridges, towers, streets of splendor—and how these fabrics crumble into rosy ruin, and then grow gray as heath. Then we have a strangely-imposing picture—such as John Martin must love to study, brush in hand—of the sun dying like a cloven king in his own blood—while the distant moon, like a pale prophetess, whom he has wronged, leans eager forward, with most hungry eyes, watching him bleed to death—she brightening and dilating as he faints—until, revenge complete, she walks in lonely triumph through the night. And anon the sun is likened to a perjured lover, that has left dreary the pale deserted east, forgetful of her dewy dawn and his own morning vows, and now flattering his new-love, the happy-blushing west. And yet once more, the great orb dying in a ring of clouds, is likened to hoary Jacob, couched in death, among his waiting sons.

And as for the stars—let the poet's answer to them that do accuse him be this, in the reply of Walter to Violet's sarcasm ("Great friends of yours; you love them overmuch"):

I love the stars too much! . . .
You cannot love them lady, till you dwell
In mighty towns; immersed in their black hearts,
The stars are nearer to you than the fields.
I'd grow an Atheist in these towns of trade,
Were't not for stars.

What a sudden gush of beauty there is in that abrupt transition in Duke Vincentio's discourse in the prison cell of Vienna ("Measure for Measure"), from details of dungeon vice in its blackness of darkness, and directions for the gaoler and hangman, and depressing associations with the foul atmosphere, foul victims, foul satellites of the place—to the calm holy dayspring whose first herald is seen through the reeking bars:—"Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd." What suggestive power

* For this and other "studies" of setting suns, *enf. "Life-Drama,"* pp. 28, 35, 51, 84, 127, 129, 134, 151, 206, 207.

and pathos in those few words—what a solemn-sweet parenthesis in discourse devoted to the strifes and sins of the condemned cell!—turning aside, for one little moment, from the bad city's corruption that "boils and bubbles, till it o'er-runs the stew," to the silent dawn and its unfolding star, to the dew of morning on the everlasting hills, whither wend their way the shepherd and his flock—image of pastoral innocence, unspotted by the world.

A sense of this fine "discord" makes the soul feelingly alive to Walter's star-worship. Thus does the young man pent-up within city walls continue his defence:

The smoke puts heaven out;
I meet sin-bloated faces in the streets,
And shrink as from a blow. I hear wild oaths
And curses spilt from lips that once were sweet,
And sealed for Heaven by a mother's kiss.
I mix with men whose hearts of human flesh,
Beneath the petrifying touch of gold,
Have grown as stony as the trodden ways.
I see no trace of God, till in the night,
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,
He doth reveal himself to me in heaven.
My heart swells to him as the sea to the moon;
Therefore it is I love the midnight stars.

And granting, as Mr. Smith's warmest admirers must grant, the extraordinary proportion of space monopolized by the Solar System in his poems, there is at least this to be said on the other side, that he has certainly infused new life and beauty into so old and withered a subject—that in taking such common-places for his theme, he has presented poetry's very old friends with very new faces—and that where nineteen out of twenty bardlings would, by the seeming necessity of the case, repeat the used-up, threadbare phrases and ideas as by law provided, *he*, when approaching these exhausted old worlds, in effect imagines new.

So with his redundancy of imagery in general. His similitudes are plenty as blackberries, but not so common and cheap. The multiplicity of his comparisons is wondrous: *like* follows *like* in no homœopathic dose. For instance, take some lines in a single page (48):

— Our blood, our hearts, our souls,
Shall henceforth mingle in one being, *like*
The married colors in the bow of heaven.
My soul is *like* a wide and empty fane . . .
My soul is empty, lorn, and hungry space;
Leap thou into it *like* a new-born star,
And 't will o'erflow with splendor and with bliss.
Thus, *like* a worshipper before a shrine,
He earnest syllabled, etc.

Or again, in another single page (61):

Night the solemn, night the starry,
Oh, that death would let me tarry
Like a dewdrop on a flower,

Ever on those lips of Clari!
Our beings mellow, then they fall,
Like o'er-ripe peaches from the wall . .
Moon! that walkest the blue deep,
Like naked maiden in her sleep, etc.

The splendid-mooned and jewelled night is said to uprise

With showery tresses like a child from sleep.

The moon,

—like a swimmer who has found his ground,
Comes rippling up a silver strand of cloud.

In almost a craze for similitudes—for he would have nothing in his book but "doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange"—Mr. Smith occasionally lights on one somewhat "saucy and overbold." A lover, rhapsodizing about his queenly maiden fair, tells how

Round her heart, a rosebud free,
Reeled he, like a drunken bee,

and was very properly refused admittance, being so indecently overcome (with honey of course). A gentleman in the dumps is seen with a misery perched

’t the melancholy corners of his mouth,
Like griffins on each side my father's gate.

There are "spirits that walk time, like the travelling sun, with sunset glories girt around his loins." What are we to say to such expressions as "the unlashd eye of God"—love "sitting like an angel on the heart"—verse "but relieves me as a six-inch pipe relieves the dropsied sea?" Not unfrequently we meet with an arrangement of words hovering curiously on the absurd: thus, in a tender love-scene, the braw wooer, describing the insidious process of an incipient embrace, says,

Gradual crept my arm around her, 'gainst my
shoulder came her head,

possibly with a collision that ensured head-ache for the rest of the day. He informs us, too, in his lofty fashion, that

Were she plain Night, he'd pack her with his
stars.

While *she* assures him in *native* affection (though it *might* have been suggested by a visit to Dr. Kahn's Anatomical exhibition),

You've such transparent sides, each casual eye
May see the heaving heart"—

enough, surely, to make a fellow box himself up, or live in plate-armor, for the balance of

his days. There is something uncomfortably Moses-and-Son-ish in

— the fine pants and trembles of a line.

The "rosy ruin" effected by a sun-set, will make some people think of "blue ruin," which is said to be anything but a refined composition. We suspect it was from the writings of his friend Mr. Gilfillan — to whom he honor due for his share in bringing forward the young poet, and to whom Sydney Yendys in the past tense, and J. Stanyan Bigg in the present, are similarly indebted — that Alexander Smith conceived a passion for such "idioms" as this:

'T is not for me, ye heavens! 't is not for me
To fling a poem, like a comet, out!"—

or this:

Lady! he was as far 'bove common men
As a sun-steed, wild-eyed and meteor-maned,
Neighing the reeling stars, is 'bove a hack
With sluggish veins of mud.

One can guess Mr. Burchell's *aside* to that.
Here, again, is an adventurous similitude:

Soul, alas! is unregarded; Brothers! it is closely
shut:

All unknown as royal Alfred in the Saxon neat-
herd's hut,
In the Dark House of the Body, cooking victuals,
lighting fires,
Swelters on the starry stranger, to our nature's
base desires.

A "sun-set's corpse, spit on, insulted by the brutal rains" — "a cataract of golden curls" — a sea "lashed by cruel winds to shrieks, mad spoomings to the frightened stars" — "the swelled wombs of fleets, rich glutted, toiling wearily to vomit all their wealth on English strands" — all these may be very fine things, but have probably a better chance of being thought so when their "deliverance" dates from a Dundee pulpit, than when committed to London paper, print, and criticism. But we have few fears of seeing the same kind of "spooming" and "shrieking" and "sweltering" language, so freely indulged in, when next Mr. Smith puts on his singing robes. Nor do we then expect to find so many traces of the poets he would seem chiefly to affect — of whom Keats, and Tennyson, and we may add that picturesque and impassioned minstrel Sydney Yendys, have apparently had large if indirect influence on the growth of these his first-fruits. His own verses often contain hints and thoughts on the poetical art, which, if wrought by the verse-maker into a practical *γυωδὴ σκαυτῶν*, may go very far to refine and elevate and enrich his song. Thus:

Strive for the Poet's crown, but ne'er forget
How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful fruits;
That gold and crimson mornings, tho' more bright
Than soft blue days, are scarcely half their worth.

His "gold and crimson morning," has had its dawn — glowing with promise and performance; for the "soft blue day," we look with hope, but patience.

If the foregoing remarks on Mr. Smith's extraordinary gift for poetical imagery, appear too much taken up with his least successful ventures, we would qualify them by enforcing once again our sincere admiration of that gift in its higher developments. At almost every page we see, to use the language of Wordsworth,

— at once
Some lovely image in the song rise up
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea.

The poet's delight in the exercise of this his native wealth, is freely avowed by him in the record — for we may assume it to be *his* —

But our chief joy
Was to draw images from everything;
And images lay thick upon our talk,
As shells on ocean sands.

Let us cull one or two from the jewelled confusion in which they "lie thick" together. A word to womankind:

If ye are fair,
Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when
The full-faced moon sits silver on the sea,
The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,
Each shouldering for her smile.

A vexed soul, tossed with tempests and not comforted, at last finds a lull of the tempest, and comfort in large measure, and so exclaims:

Now am I joyful, like storm-battered dove
That finds a perch in the Hesperides.

Here is a Midsummer-day's picture — quite Turner-like in vivid coloring:

The lark is singing in the *blinding* sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fullness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair —
All glad, from grass to sun!

With which Ovidian "theory of the tides," may be compared the following:

See yon poor star
That shudders o'er the mournful hill of pines!
'T would almost make you weep, it seems so sad.
'Tis like an orphan trembling with the cold
Over his mother's grave among the pines.

Like a wild lover who has found his love
Worthless and foul, our friend, the sea, has left
His paramour the shore; naked she lies,
Ugly, and black, and bare. Hark, how he moans!
The pain is in his heart. Inconstant fool!
He will be up upon her breast to-morrow
As eager as to-day.

This is very striking, but too sensuous. The sensuous is not indeed synonym with the sensual—No; but they are *homoiousian* sometimes, if not *homotian*—and there are readers of Mr. Smith's poetry who fail, excusably enough, to realise the difference. Exception, too, may be justly taken to the pervading tone of this "Life-Drama," as generally feverish, and often cynical—in either case exaggerated and "fussy." How the burning words of Walter are to be accepted, as sparks and scintillations only, not perennial flame, may be seen from the care with which he can forget one, "only one" for another: and as an illustration of this feature, so fatal to the emotional claims of the poet's passionate and pretty oaths, observe the argument of one of the sonnets at the close of the volume:—

I wrote a Name upon the river sands
With her who bore it standing by my side,
Her large dark eyes lit up with gentle pride,
And leaning on my arm with clasped hands,
'To burning words of mine she thus replied,
'Nay, writ not on thy heart. This tablet frail
Fitteth as frail a vow. Fantastic band
Will scarce confine these limbs.' I turned love-
pale,

I gazed upon the river'd landscape wide,
And thought how little it would all avail
Without her love. 'Twas on a morn of May,
Within a month I stood upon the sand,
Gone was the name I traced with trembling
hand,—

And from my heart 'twas also gone away.

Cool—is it not? So much for "burning words." The lady comes off the best in this encounter, such as it is. That the whole scene may be purely fictitious does not affect the question before us. On the other hand, the sonnet may be true to life—a transcript of every-day experiences—yet is it false to that ideal wherewith imaginative verse is concerned, so long as sympathy is desired, and the betterment of the affections. We shall be slow to believe Mr. Smith a favorite with deeply-feeling women, however sincerely they may be attracted by the uncommon splendors of his imagery.

Of the miscellaneous pieces, "An Evening at Home" seems inspired in large measure by Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur," and contains passages of terse emphasis and rhythmical beauty, quite worthy of comparison with that exquisite torso. Melody and sweetness of diction we seldom find wanting in this poet—sometimes in luscious strains and "dying falls"

of rarest music. It is unusual indeed to meet with such a scrambling line as the first in this couplet,

One great life in my myriad veins, in leaves, in
flowers, in cloudy cars,
Blowing underfoot, in clover; beating, overhead,
in stars!

Or such an indefinite one as the second of the following,

And send her lord unknissed away to field,
Her heart striking with arm in every blow.

It was assumed by many that Mr. Smith, in the gay opulence of poetic facility, dashed off his verses at a heat, with princely indifference, and lofty impatience of revision: but we are assured by one who speaks with authority, that he even "enjoys" the art of the polisher, the *labor limæ*, and that almost every line of the "Life-Drama" was actually written several times over before we see it as it is. This assurance lends fresh hope to the interest which waits on his future—the future of a very young man, who is not above painstaking and self-discipline—yesterday drudging in the shawl-manufactory, and to-day feasting with barons high in the ducal towers of Inverary—for

his soul is rich,
And this his book unveils it, as the night
Her panting wealth of stars.

May that future correspond with his avowed resolve to "go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn, but in the armor of a pure intent;" and with the spirit of those lines in which he makes Walter repress his greed of mere Fame* ("next grandest word to God!"), and, in riper purpose, reason thus with life:

Great duties are before me and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
I've learned to prize the quiet lightning-deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels
Which men call Fame.

By the literary convention concluded between France and Spain, it has been agreed that the press of neither country shall publish the works of the other. A stop has been put to the trade carried on between Paris and America in Spanish books, and between Brussels and Madrid in French books.

* I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool—so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.

This last line is perhaps unsurpassed by any in the volume. It is one of many which are likely to be thence elected into the society of our stock quotations. If but for some half-dozen of these alone, the poet may securely aver, *non omnes moriar*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

No. X. — DONALD G. MITCHELL.

IK. MARVEL enjoys a comfortable income of reputation as the author of the "Lorgnette," "Dream-Life," and the "Reveries of a Bachelor." His delight it seems to be to put on record

Those sun-dyed fancies, airy reveries,
Freaks of imagination, waking dreams,
Ephemeral fantasies of playful hues,

which indeed "fade into nothing if uncropt, and die forgotten;" but which

If seized on while yet fresh
In their rich tents of light, and so consigned
To the bland pressure of judicious thought
And chaste constraint of language, may become
Heir-looms for after-times.*

This lofty ideal is, however, a degree or two north of Ik. Marvel's whereabouts. Rather he reminds us of Christopher North's description of his fashion of reducing thick-coming fancies to the prose requirements of "copy"—of making an "article" of a reverie. "After walking up and down my room for half an hour," saith Sir Kit, † "with my cigar in my mouth, thinking of all things in the heavens, and the earth, and the waters under the earth—friends long since dead and buried—places once familiar that I shall never set mortal eye on again—books in *posse*—bores in *esse*—last summer's butterflies—*chateaux en Espagne*, no matter how high or how low—Suddenly the cigar's out, and by a natural instinct, as it were, I place myself at the table and begin writing. What suggests the first sentence? Probably the title of a book lying uncut on the desk. What's the next? Of course some turn in the first sentence which suggested itself during the operation of penning that,"—and so on, till the mouth begins to feel uneasy, and then the scribe exchanges his quill for another cheroot, and walks up and down reverie-ing *ut supra*. Such the mood of Coleridge, when his large grey eyes were fixed by "that film which fluttered on the grate," a "companionable form" capable of eliciting "dim sympathies" from his "idling spirit"—

everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
Making a toy of Thought.

Ik. Marvel's book of Reveries consists, mainly, in his own words, of "just such whimsies and reflections as a great many brother bachelors are apt to indulge in, but which they are too cautious or too prudent to lay before the

world." There is no bachelor extant, he believes, who has not his share of such floating visions. As for the truth of Ik's edition of them, he gratuitously empowers the world to believe what it likes: "I should think," quoth he, "there was as much truth in them as in most Reveries." Not at all a startling proposition.

The Reveries he thus translates into trivial fond records, are four in number. One, over a wood fire—where the smoke is made to signify doubt (the question being wife or no wife, and the *pros* and *cons* summed up in an almost odious spirit of calculation), while the blaze signifies cheer, and the resultant ashes desolateness and bereavement. Another, by a city grate—plied first, with sea coal, and then with anthracite. A third, over a cigar—lighted successively with a coal, a wisp of paper, and a match. And a last reverie, concerning the morning, which is the past; noon, which is the present; and evening, which is the future.

The earlier portion of these desultory sketches—which, with more unity of design, the author is of opinion would have made a respectable novel, but which he preferred setting down, in what he calls "the honester way," just as they came seething from his piping hot brain-pan, "with all their crudities and contrasts uncovered"—the incipient stage of these reveries is marked by a mocking-bird note, which is by no means the keynote of the volume. Badinage and banter—never ill-natured in the least, nor in any degree harsh and grating—are freely employed in the bachelor's preliminary cogitations; and he takes care to prevent your ultimately resolving him into a mawkish or miss-mollyshy sentimentalist, by approving himself, *in limine*, a sharp-eyed, sharp-witted, sharp-spoken fellow. The same man who means to tax your lachrymal glands to the utmost, before he has done—and to make a rapid succession of cambrie concomitants, necessary to every young lady-reader,—begins by all sorts of sordid and most unromantic disquisitions on wives by hypothesis. A possible Peggy, for instance, is introduced, who harasses her spouse by filling his house with plaguy relations, and who is suddenly, or by quick gradations of decay discovered to be a fright, and who comes down to breakfast with a rough shock of hair and in such infernal slippers, and whose apology for the cold coffee is, that the complainant should not have been so long dressing,—while as for the uneatable butter, she has no other, and hopes he'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. There is an "I calculate" tone about the bachelor's method of striking the balance, in his matrimonial speculations, that has set some of Peggy's sex against him, and hardened their tender

* Edward Quillinan's Poems. † Noctes. No. 63.

hearts against giving him their full sympathy when his hour of affliction (in reverie) is fully come. In his wailings of bereavement they regard him, therefore, only with the half-pity one vouchsafes to the Admetus of Euripides, who mourns his Alcestis in such self-occupied fashion as this:

Ah, what worse ill has man through life
Than to lose his faithful wife?
Better that I had dwelt alone
Without the consort — that is gone!
Happy are they whose life is single,
That never with these sweet ones mingle!
The grief for ills that only touch
A single life is not so much:
But to perceive our children droop
Under disease's mortal swoop;
And to behold the bridal bed
Defiled by Death, untenanted
Of the beloved lately there —
That is a grief too hard to bear!
When a man might, too, if he chose,
Refrain from having ties like those.

Faugh! thou Benthamized old widower!
Howl on, with thy monotonous 'ai 'ai, to the
pathos of which we, remembering what Alces-
tis was, and what thou art, are as the deaf ad-
der that will not be charmed, charm thou never
so wisely. We are more interested in the rude
seaman's "Aye, aye, sir," than in thine. And
herewith we crave Ik. Marvel's forbearance
for hinting a comparison with one who "riles"
us till analogy and good manners are forgotten.
And from the "Reveries" pass we on to

"Dream Life!" Who has not a knowledge
of, who has not an open or a sneaking kind-
ness for, *that*? Who welcomes not, at times,
that sleep to his eyes, that slumber to his eye-
lids, and in sluggish mood indulges himself
with yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little
folding of the hands to sleep? We dream,
and are happy again, young again, prosperous
again, hopeful, heart-whole, strong,

Zauberisch erneuen
Sich die Fantaseien
Meiner Kindheit hier so leicht!
Rosenfarbig schweben
Duftgebild', und weben
Ein elysisch Traumgesicht.*

Ik. Marvel's "Dream-Life" passes suc-
cessively in review the dreams of fond boyhood,
whose eye sees rarely below the surface of
things; the delicious hopes of sparkling-blooded
youth; manhood's dreams of sober trustfulness,
of practical results, of hard-wrought world-
success, and perhaps of love and joy; and
age's dreams of what is gone, a wide waste,
a mingled array of griefs and delights—its
dreams, too, of what is to come, of an advent

Rest which already hath garnered in the dar-
lings of its heart.

Dream-land, says the author, will never be
exhausted until we enter the land of dreams;
and until, in "shuffling off this mortal coil,"
thought will become fact, and all facts will be
only thought. And thus he can conceive no
mood of mind more in keeping with what is to
follow upon the grave, than "those fancies which
warp our frail hulks toward the ocean of the
infinite." And in working up this "fable of
the seasons," from the Spring of childhood to
the Winter of hoary eld, he is content that
the "facts" should be false, if but the "feeling"
be real—content, if he can catch the bolder
and richer truth of feeling, that the types of
it should be all confessed fabrications. "If,"
he argues, "if I run over some sweet experi-
ence of love, must I make good the fact that
the loved one lives, and expose her name and
qualities to make your sympathies sound? Or
shall I not rather be working upon higher and
holier ground, if I take the passion for itself,
and so weave it into words, that you, and
every willing sufferer, may recognize the fer-
vor, and forget the personality?" Life, by
his estimate, being after all, but a bundle of
hints, each suggesting actual and positive
development, but rarely reaching it, he holds
himself to be as truly dealing with life when
recalling these hints, and tracing them in fan-
cy to their issues, as if his life had dealt them
all to him. Hence, in this volume of "Dream-
Life" his purpose is, to catch up here and
there the "shreds of feeling which the bram-
bles and roughnesses of the world have left
tangling" on his heart, and weave them into
shapely and harmonious tissue. If there are
not enough elements of truth, honesty, and
nature in his pictures, to make them believed,
he repudiates the notion of swearing to their
credibility, declaring it a shabby truth that
wants an author's affidavit to make it trust-
worthy.

The dream-life of Spring, or Boyhood, takes
us to school—where sketches are drawn that
show, more definitely than need be, the
sketcher's acquaintanceship with the manner
of Dickens, to whom and to Washington Ir-
ving this volume owes not a little of its "in-
spiration." Boy Sentiment is illustrated—and
Boy Religion, disturbed by an ineradicable
dislike of long sermons, and a hopeless in-
capacity to get the force of that verse of Dr.
Watts' which likens heaven to a never-ending
Sabbath, or indeed to long much for heaven
if it is to be full of certain potent, grave, and
reverend seniors such as are the bane of the
boy's life below. "There is very much reli-
gious teaching, even in so good a country as
New England"—and quite possibly Old Eng-
land has this among the faults, despite all
which we love her still—"which is far too

* Matthison: "Der Wald."

harsh, too dry, too cold, for the heart of a boy. Long sermons, doctrinal precepts, and such tediously-worded dogmas as were uttered by those honest, but hard-spoken men, the Westminster divines, fatigue, and puzzle, and dispirit him." Then we have the boy on a visit to a New England squire (after Geoffrey Crayon's own heart), and at the country church, with its unadmired parson, its precentor (remarkable for clearing his throat by a sonorous *ahem*, followed by a powerful use of his Sunday bandanna, and imposing manipulations with his tuning-fork), its stout old deacon, the weazen-faced farmer, the dowdy farmers' daughters, and heavy-eyed youngsters that there do congregate.

With Summer open the dreams of Youth. The scene changes to the cloisters of a college—if cloisters must be the word for those "long, ungainly piles of brick and mortar which make the colleges of New England"—as much akin to the grand old structures of what Mr. Thackeray calls Camford and Oxbridge, as a scarlet-bricked Little Bethel baptistry is to Canterbury Cathedral. In such a scene, good it is to find our dreamer satirizing the dreams of "first ambition" about Genius—the quotient of crude imaginings, and strong coffee, and whiskey-toddy—as though there were a certain faculty of mind, first developed in colleges, which can with impunity despise painstaking, and on the strength of intuitions and instincts can do without means and processes; nor can he be a dreamer and nothing besides, who so enforces the doctrine, that there is no genius in life like the genius of energy and ambition—no rivals, to college or worldly ambition, so formidable as those earnest, determined minds which achieve eminence by persistent application. The chapter on College Romance is pitched in the same key; that on the "First Look of the World" is an excellent example of Ik. Marvel's composite manner—the alliance of sagacious railery and pathetic sentiment. Perhaps his *forte* lies chiefly in the delineation of domestic sorrow, wherein his power and reality are even painfully felt; but is he not too apt to protract and intensify such delineation, line upon line—and indeed to dally with ideal affliction, and pursue its lurking details too far, until the reader impatiently recoils from what takes the shape of a morbid anatomy, an experimentalizing upon his tenderest sympathies, an almost wanton empiricism in matters of life and death? To be woven into "such stuff as dreams are made of," these threads of waking anguish are too fine-spun, too long-drawn out, too intricately netted with the heart-strings. And the heart is apt to resent this, as among the unwarrantable gratuities of Fiction. The charm of melancholy may be over-strained, till exhaustion ensues, and collapse; and then such

wo-worn broodings are shunned, and exiled from

The cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home again.*

Under the "Autumn" division there is some fine healthy writing, always tender, and generally true, on manly hope and manly love—with wholesome sarcasm on that "kind of Pelhamism," affecting ignorance of plain things and people, and knowingness in brilliancies, "that is very apt to overtake one in the first blush of manhood"—when the law is to conceal what tells of the man, and cover it with what smacks of the *roué*. Home peace and sanctity is reverently described, and so we land in the "Winter" quarter—Age—when the "sweeping outlines of life, that once lay before the vision—rolling into wide billows of years, like easy lifts of a broad mountain range—now seem close packed together as with a Titan hand; and you see only crowded, craggy heights, like Alpine fastnesses, parted with glaciers of grief, and leaking abundant tears." Then comes the death of the true wife, aged in years not in heart, and the marriage of sons and daughters, and the birth of grandchildren. The old man enters feebly, and with floating glimpses of glee, into the cheer and rejoicings of the young people's festive days. And then—

Eve saddens into Night—

the old man falls asleep, past earthly waking—"to sleep, perchance to dream," elsewhere, and to be disturbed by the rustling of Time's curtains never more.

CHEAP POSTAGE. SPAIN.—The Spanish Government has addressed a letter to Earl Granville, as president of the International Postage Association, in which a speedy reduction of postal rates in Spain is announced. The minister writes,—"Spain already considers the postal department not as a source of revenue, but as a service rendered to the public, and is about to reduce its own postal tariffs very sensibly; the Spanish administration being convinced that cheapness increases the amount of private correspondence, and, consequently, the frequency of domestic and mercantile relations between people and people, thereby procuring immense benefits to the civilization and wealth of States. Spain will therefore see, with all the more pleasure the realization of the project of an European Postal Congress, and will consider it an honor to second the projects of the Association, more especially as regards an equalization of tariffs, through a system of strict reciprocity, and a liberal consideration of the question of transit.

* Shelley

From The Athenæum

The Ottoman Empire and its Resources. By E. H. Michelsen, Ph.D. Simpkin & Co.

Books in illustration of the Ottoman empire are common enough: Cities of the Sultan,—Months at Constantinople,—Travels from Cornhill to Cairo,—abound in every circulating library. We have had pictures of the East, romance of the East—the tragic side of the East, and the comic side of the East; books of pleasant reading for the greater part, the theme itself being full of light, of contrast, of pictorial splendors. It was reserved to Dr. Michelsen to give us, in the able and important volume now before us, the sober prose—the facts, figures, details, statistics of the Ottoman empire.

After reading this volume, the news which pours in upon us daily from the frontiers of Turkey and the shores of the Black Sea loses much of its mystery. Indeed, it becomes quite intelligible. From the absence of exact knowledge of such details as are here furnished, Europe has long been accustomed to regard the East as something little more substantial than a dissolving view; as something very pretty, poetical, and picturesque, but unreal,—a mirage in the great desert, an illusion of the fancy, an ideal realm for tale and fable. We have been too apt to think of it only as the scene of Haroun's adventures and Scheherazade's stories. And when we heard, even in imagination, the roll of the Muscovite drums, and caught up the echoes of the advancing Cossacks, we too readily supposed that the Orient, unable to resist, was about to fall for ever,—one of the grand poetic features of the world being swept away by cannon-shots like a mere cobweb of the brain. How far these unsubstantial fancies led us from the truth, we know by this time pretty well. The Muscovites advanced, not against a golden-hued, spectacular, and vanishing scene, but a wall of iron. A sword flashed suddenly from the cloud. The curtain rose on camps and fleets. The poetic filigree with which the East seemed covered, resisted like a coat of mail,—like golden armor that is at once massive and resplendent.

How this unexpected and unlooked-for turn of things arose,—how the East was able to repel the threatened assault and hold its own, even at the outset, against the hordes of armed barbarians from northern steppe and swamp,—is still to many of us a wonder:—this wonder Dr. Michelsen undertakes, very successfully, to explain.

His book is divided into two parts. In the first, he traces the history of Turkey, from the accession of Mahmoud to the present time. This story of the rise, progress, and consummation of a great idea—first, in the Sultan's mind, next in the council-chamber, then in the city and the camp,—a great idea, having many meanings and many relations, but summarily expressed in the one word Reform—is told with very commendable sobriety, from minute knowledge of the facts in question, and in a spirit of impartiality which soon secures for the author the fullest confidence of his reader. The second part is statistical:—exhibiting all the figures needed for illustration of the trade, shipping, population, army, navy,

schools, libraries, customs, and all other matters touching the material welfare of the empire, or expressing its material strength.

The Pilgrim Fathers; or, the Founders of New England in the reign of James the First. By W. H. Bartlett. With Illustrations. Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.—This is a handsome volume—like the similar publications by Mr. Bartlett which have gone before it; but there may be some besides ourselves, who fancy that its subject does not lend itself naturally to the clothing of "gold and purple and fine linen," which belongs to offerings laid out for this "gracious and hallowed time." We confess to having shrunk on being shown the bones of a *Saint Théodophe* who macerated himself to death, or of a *Santa Ecclesiastica* who perished in the fires kindled by bigotry,—trimmed with fresh and fine laces, wreathed with beads, and strewn with flowers, in some foreign reliquary. And it is with sensations milder, but akin to our avoidance of such shows, that we regard the stern and serious Exodus for conscience-sake, of our English Puritans, when it is dressed up as it is here—illustrated and smoothed into that alluring prettiness, which must be the character of a Christmas-book, or its mission is entirely unfulfilled. Ours is not mere querulous cavilling. There are fast as well as festival topics, and the triumph of the high hearted but fanatical men, who sailed forth from under the pressure of episcopal tyranny at home, to establish for a while, in the Land of Promise, a rule and governance of their own, little less despotic, seems to us a subject too solemn, too deep and too lofty to be susceptible of the blandishments of Art, fitly claimed by gift book literature. Others, however, may repudiate our idea of selection, on Rowland Hill's famous principle, which made such wild work with our chapel-music. They may hold that there is no theme too serious to be attractively treated; they may love to meet the Pilgrim Fathers looking "nice" and cheerful under the mistletoe,—among the scarlet holly-berries, and amid the faint flames of the snap-dragon cauldron. In sympathy with these sprightly folk, after having relieved our minds of a crotchet or conviction, we can commend Mr. Bartlett's book as handsomely issued, carefully got together, and full of interesting reading. The illustrations are sufficiently varied—alternating between the fens of Lincolnshire, the flats of Holland, and the scenery of Plymouth Sound. It is not, however, the multiplicity of objects that makes the landscape, as no one can prove better than Mr. Bartlett has proved in the volume before us. Some of his Dutch scenes, however, are too white in tone for Holland—a country fuller in color, whether it be color monotonous or varied, than any that we have ever visited. There bright yellows and intense greens, the softest of grays, and the mellowest of cedar-browns, when lit up by the sun, change at once into the blackest and most positive shadow, if a rain-cloud darkens the wide dome of the sky above. Here there is nothing in tone to tell us that we are not looking at streets and quays in Tetuan or Cairo, or Cadiz or Genoa, or any

other city where pale tints predominate—and where the noon's blaze helps the fierce whiteness to a force, which is as poignant, if not as strong, as the force of primary red and blue—demi-tint or shadow. Even in the veriest spider-work of etched outline, much may be indicated by those desirous of making such indication. But now we are criticizing Mr. Bartlett's volume just as if it was not a Christmas *ephemeron*—and this, perhaps, is not fair,—though such criticism, certainly, implies a high opinion of its merits.

NATURAL PRINTING.—IN yours of this day, under the heading of "Scientific Gossip," I observe a notice of a new method of printing called the Natural Printing Process. My reason for addressing you on the subject is to inform you that twelve months ago I demonstrated by experiment, the practicability, economy and excellence of what M. Auer and M. Andrew Worrung, of the Imperial Printing Office at Vienna, have patented. I had been engaged in making experiments in the process patented by Mr. R. W. Winfield and Mr. R. F. Sturges of Birmingham, for the ornamentation of metals, by introducing an ornamental medium between the two sheets of metal to be ornamented and passing the whole through a pair of rolls, such as is used by metal rollers. I had used lace, paper, perforated zinc, etc. in succession, when it occurred to me to try natural objects. The season of the year furnished abundance of decayed leaves. I collected a few, arranged them between two plates of Britannia metal, and passed the whole through the rolls. The result was, that every minute fibre had left its indent on the metal. I had here furnished me not one but two plates to print from, supplied by the object to be represented. I saw that the depth of the indent was sufficient to hold ink, and I lost no time in having impressions taken from the plates in brown ink, and on paper. These I distributed among acquaintances and gentlemen whom I thought likely to feel interested in matters of the kind,—among others, a few copies were sent to Dr. Lyon Playfair. Sir Robert Kane thought so highly of the process that he deposited a copy in the Dublin Museum.—You will thus see that the Viennese invention (?) has been anticipated and realized months before the plans appear to have been matured by Messrs. Auer and Worrung. The discovery of electro-metallurgy almost simultaneously by Spencer of Liverpool, and Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, is evidence that two minds may be directed at the same time to the same subject. In the present instance, however, I am suspicious that a hint has been supplied to the Austrian claimants. Sufficient has been here said to prove that priority of invention and application is of English origin, and that the patent under which the invention must be worked in this country is an English one.

Yours, etc. W. C. AITKEN.

19, Broad Street, Tellington, Birmingham,
Dec. 3, 1863.

We shall feel obliged if you will allow us to correct an error as to the originality of this in-

vention. M. Auer, Director of the Imperial Printing Office at Vienna, claims the invention of the process, in conjunction with M. Andrew Worrung, one of the overseers, for creating engraved plates from the natural objects themselves—and, as a conclusion to his specification, issued in the form of a pamphlet in various languages, he further claims the honor of adding a worthy pendant to the two more valuable inventions of Russia and France; namely, the invention of Jacobi's application of the galvanoplastik, and the general use of the daguerreotype. The fact is, that as far as Austria is concerned, the invention was first brought into use by M. Worrung, in 1852, with whom M. Auer afterwards associated himself for the purpose of securing a patent. But to neither of these two claimants is due the originality of the invention; for in the year 1851, in March, Mr. Ferguson Branson not only read before the members of the Society of Arts a report of the process, identically the same as that claimed by the Austrian patentees, but even produced printed specimens to illustrate more fully the true meaning of his invention. The process, for the introduction of which into this country we have taken out a patent, is in many particulars a material improvement upon Mr. Branson's invention, as well as upon that in use at Vienna.

Yours, etc. BRADBURY & EVANS.

Whitefriars, Dec. 8.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL, LONDON.—This institution for meeting one of the most painful of afflictions was established in 1851, in Cannon row, Parliament street, with provision for indoor patients at Brompton, and already it has given proof that it well deserves a wide and enlarged support. Nearly 400 persons were under treatment in the course of the last year, either as in or out-patients, and of these only 15 died; the disease probably having gone so far as to be beyond human aid; and of the remainder, 319 of whom were females, a great proportion have been sent back relieved or cured.

Mr. Albert Smith, whose seizure and appropriation of Mont Blanc as a personal estate, the public of Chamouni and London appear to have come to consider, in the light of an accomplished fact, has made a dash at the lakes and valleys of Switzerland as well as at its crowning peak. We shall see with what success. The entertainment has received in its greater variety of feature an additional attraction. Most of the new pictures are pretty and effective,—the concluding scene, a view of the Lago Maggiore, with views of the Isola Bella and other islands, is quite charming. Mr. William Beverly is the artist. The interior of the hall is also changed for the better;—being arranged as the exterior of a Swiss village, with balconies, carvings, vines, flowers, rocks, shrubs and fish. The whole is exceedingly tasteful and picturesque. Of the ease and humor with which Mr. Albert Smith harmonizes his several materials of song, scenery and adventure, we need not speak again.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE FRIGATE, THE PRIVATEER, AND THE RUNNING SHIP.

[The following curious sea-tale was, in all its principal features, taken from the narrative of an eye-witness, the lieutenant of a West Indian regiment, who is represented as telling the story, and who is now a colonel *en retraite*, after an honorable service of fifty years. The old gentleman, however, was not very clear about the names of either the frigate or the privateer, so, for the sake of facility of narrative, I have named the first the Hero, the second the Jean Bart. It is a fact, that there was a privateer belonging to Dunkirk, called the Jean Bart, which was captured by an English frigate, and I have taken the liberty of applying the name to the privateer captured in the presence of the then lieutenant, which might have been the Jean Bart or not—the matter signifies little—the facts are the important points, and they are undoubted. I have of course thrown the original oral matter with which I was familiar into a more literary and connected form, and this premised, we enter upon the narrative.—*Angus B. Reach.*]

"GENTLEMEN"—The little open cabin skylight of the good armed schooner Mary Anne, was darkened—by the weather-beaten face,—as brown—as brown as paint—and the shock of fiery red hair—with whiskers to match,—of our worthy Captain Macleod to name, and related to the chief of that ilk. He had been at sea in every sort of craft, and in every part of the world; and, as you may think, the old Islesman was as stout and thorough a sailor as ever faced wind and weather, and cannon and musket shot too. Well, "Gentlemen," says he, "there were three of us. Mr. Dargle, a great planter in Demerara and Berbice, who has nine hundred slaves of whom he used to say that he had never flogged but three, and never sold but one—at his own desire. He was a mild, quiet man, and every house in the coast colonies was delighted when his Kettarin appeared, with its high stepping bay. The second man of the party was Mr. Mosca, Mr. Dargle's agent, who, as his father was a Cuban Spaniard, and his mother a French Quadroon, was rather of a peppery disposition, which required all the mild persuasiveness of Mr. Dargle to keep down. However, he was, to my knowledge, a most energetic and excellent agent; and as he and his employer were generally seen together, they usually went by the name of "brandy and water." As for myself, I was a poor subaltern in a West Indian regiment, going home invalided, after a tight brush with yellow Jack. And now you know the company which Captain Macleod addressed.

"What are you drinking, boys?" he said.

"Madeira Sangara, Captain Macleod," said Mr. Dargle, at the same time knocking a white worm with a black head out of a biscuit.

"Well, I've just been taking a meridian—you needn't snigger, Mr. Mosca,—and the skipper produced a huge old-fashioned quadrant, "I think that if the wind blows as steady as it's doing now, to-morrow night I'll show you the Lizard Lights."

There was a simultaneous clattering of glasses on the table.

"And without as much as seeing the shadow of one of them—Privateers—to say nothing of these"—expletive again—"French Frigates. Curse them and their dandy hoist in the nape of their topsails."

"Well then, captain, I suppose we have made the run," says Mosca.

"Why, don't whoop till ye're out o' the wood," rejoined our skipper. "There's often a swarm of these craft, as quick as flying fish and as fierce as sharks lurking about the chops of the Channel—the infernal villains—to pick up all they can get. However,—Sambo, a couple of bottles of that champagne I got from the governor."

"Sail ho," echoed through our canvas, and the brown face disappeared as if by magic, and there was a moment's trampling of feet. All the watch below were tumbling up, as they call it; and, as you may think, we tumbled up too.

"Where away?" said the skipper, addressing the top-gallant mast cross-tress.

"Broad on the lee-beam," was the answer, "standing on the same way with us."

"Glad she's to lee'ard, at all events," said the captain.

"She's going through the water very fast, sir," said the first mate, touching his straw hat.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Mathews?"

"Why, sir, she's a smallish vessel to carry three square rigged masts."

Captain Macleod looked grave, and without a word, took his old pet telescope from the brackets, and leisurely mounted the fore-rigging. It must have required long practice to use a glass from a yard which was continually on the swing, and that sometimes twelve or fifteen feet at a lurch. However the captain took a long survey, and then descending, went below, and returned on deck with an old account book, with letters down the edges of the leaves, which were closely scribbled over, and an immense lot of loose memorandums, written on all sorts of scraps of paper, backs of letters and torn bills of lading, and turned up B. After a long scrutiny, during which we all stood anxiously around him, waiting for the old hard-a weather's opinion, he brought his clenched fist down upon the old book, and exclaimed,

"By Heaven's it's her, and no other;" and he read—

"The Jean Bart, of Dieppe, consort to the Belle Poule, was a barque—built sharp for the slave trade—altered to frigate rig for privateering. Low in the water, and very fast, particularly on a wind—lofty rig—high in the topsails—always strongly manned and heavily armed—mizen mast rakes well aft."

"She's rising us fast, sir," sung the look out aloft.

"Pack on—pack on every stitch she can carry. Look alive, Mr. Mathews! Be smart, Mr. Jenkins! We've got an ugly customer hanging to us, and if we can we must show him a clean pair of heels! Get the fore-royal on the ship, set the main-topsail-stunsail, rig out the flying gibboom, and set the sail, drop the fore-course, and get up the broadest-headed gaff top-sail: we'll drive the ship under rather than be taken."

No sooner said than done, and the Mary Anne was under a press of canvas, her upper masts bending, and the weather-stays like fiddle-strings, the lee scupper holes buzzing in the foaming water and the schooner making gallant way.

For more than an hour there was silence in the ship. Captain Macleod and Mr. Mathews stood on each side of the wheel, keeping the craft, which was really behaving very well, as near the wind as was consistent with the absence of the slightest shiver in the windward track of the fore-topsail. During this pause we had time to consider our situation. Of all the privateers sent out by France, La Belle Poule, ultimately captured by the Black Joke, and the Jean Bart, were the most famed for their successes, and the most notorious for plundering to the skin their unfortunate prisoners.

However, there was one comfort, I had nothing to lose but a few dollars — colonial currency, my uniform, and some light West Indian clothing; and a thought struck me to put on the uniform, as I had heard that even French privateers respected the red coat of an English officer. Putting the idea into practice, to the great astonishment of all on board, I appeared on deck in the full uniform of a full lieutenant of his Majesty's 2nd West India Regiment.

Looking round I saw that the privateer was rapidly overhauling us, and that the captain was preparing for action. He had eight thumping carronades on board, and a long eighteen on a swivel fixed into the heel of the bowsprit, and which was the apple of the skipper's eye.

The crew — thirty stout fellows — for the Mary Anne was double manned — stripped to the waist and barefooted, were getting out the guns on the starboard side: the larboard carronades were obliged to be made fast to ring-bolts to prevent their diving overboard, while the starboard or windward carronades had their noses cocked up to the zenith. Two men at every gun were equipped with big ship-pistols and cutlasses, while boarding tomahawks and pikes were placed handy. Long Tom had a special crew, and every gun was loaded with a double charge of grape.

"For," says the skipper, "I stand no nonsense: the French like long shots, but I like muzzle to muzzle. That's my way."

The privateer was now within about five miles to leeward. She was certainly a beautiful craft; long, low, and sneaking, with the characteristic hoist in her topsails, and the masts — particularly the mizen, raking tremendously. She carried only topsail and topgallant sails, mizen sail, and forestay sail, as if in scorn of our packed canvas; and rose and fell on the long sea with a grace which was all her own. Our poor Mary Anne — good ship in her way as she was, half buried herself every time she plunged at a curling swell. The Jean Bart also held a closer wind; and it was evident there was nothing for it but the old formula of command: — "Now men, you see the enemy; lay your guns and point them well. Fire fast and fire true, and hurrah for Old England!"

Meantime my fellow-passengers were in the cabin busily engaged in writing. Mr. Dargle's

face was very pale. Mosca's black eyes glittered, and he was so nervous that he could hardly hold the pen. He was armed to the teeth and evidently determined, as he had often said, not to be taken alive. I was beginning to contrast my position, with only a dribble of half-pay to depend upon, with Mr. Dargle's, the rich proprietor of half-a-dozen plantations, the husband of a fond, beautiful wife, and the father of a family of sprightly little Creoles. I was watching his face, as from time to time a spasm-like quiver went across it, and his hand stole to his eyes, when the faintly-heard boom of a heavy gun came up from the privateer; and at the same moment our mast-head look-out, sang sharp and quick: — "A sail to windward!"

"What like?" shouted the skipper. "She looks like a big frigate," was the reply. "She's got stunsails on both sides, and she's coming down before the wind like a race-horse."

Again the captain's telescope was in requisition, and every eye was directed to the windward ship, the topsails of which could be seen from the deck, when she rose upon a sea. Presently the old skipper shouted — "She is a frigate; and if I know any thing of a frigate, she's one of the right sort. I know it by her topsails — and in less than half an hour, my boys, you'll see St. George's Ensign."

And the old fellow rattled down the shrouds with singular velocity.

"Have up the two bottles of champagne," he shouted, "and, steward, serve all the crew round with a double stiff ration of grog."

But the first mate did not seem so confident. He also had narrowly examined the coming ship so far as it could yet be seen, and was likewise an old and experienced seaman. He shook his head. "There's a lot of French frigates — woundy like English ones," he said, "and some of them as I heerd tell have topsails cut English fashion, to cheat the merchant ships."

"I don't know, captain, but I think it would be most prudent not to take sail off the schooner."

For Mathews had seen the skipper's fingers fidgeting with the maintop-gallant-sail baulkards.

"Well, Mathews," he said, "we'll compromise. We'll make short boards instead of long."

"We'll lose ground by that, Captain Macleod."

"Well, but so will the Johnny Crapaud. Every time we tack, he'll tack, and I don't want to get out of the way of my friend to windward."

So presently up went the head of the Mary Anne into the wind, and round she came on the other tack very cleverly.

"Never missed stays when she had a mouthful of wind," said the captain approvingly. But the "Mounseers," as Mr. Mathews called them, were every bit as quick as we, and the lively little frigate swung round, as if she had been stuck on a pivot.

"She made a deadly forge ahead then," said the desponding mate; and the captain, as if influenced by his subordinate's evident opinions, went again into the rigging, and after a good long look at the fast-approaching ship, the hull of which was now visible, he shouted, "Mr. Mathews, I'll put my head into a bucket of tar

and eat it, if that's not an English frigate; and before ten minutes you'll know it yourself, when you see the Ensign at the peak, and the Jack at the fore-top."

As the captain seemed so perfectly confident, the champagne corks popped, and the men had their rum-and-water, which they infinitely preferred to wine, or indeed to spirits of any description, but all kept their eyes alternately on the frigate, now fast nearing us, and rolling majestically before the following seas.

"Look at her teeth, look at her teeth," shouted the captain in ecstasy; as the frigate gave a slight yaw on a cross sea—"A forty-four at the least. Thirty-twos and eighteens at the very least."

Meantime the Frenchman showed no change of tactics, unless it was a tendency to go off down to leeward, her movements betokening suspicion of the big fellow coming down before the wind, with a magnificent wreath of foam decking his ample bows.

At length she was within a mile, when she made a sudden sweep, and then rushed round, with her broadside to us—backing her main topsail—letting go her stunsails—firing a gun—and hoisting her colors—French!

"Now then, captain," said Mathews, "now then, what do you say now?"

Before he could answer, the privateer also fired a gun, and also hoisted the tricolor.

The captain had a moment's time to take counsel with himself; and then he gave a most unexpected jump on the deck, flung up his straw hat, which blew into the sea, and exclaimed: "It's a dodge—a dodge—he wants to bring the privateer closer, so that he'll be surer of her."

Mathews shook his head.

At this moment the frigate fired another gun.

"No ball," said Mathews, looking rather disappointed than otherwise.

Then an officer appeared on the chains in French uniform.

"Do you see that?" said Mathews, all but triumphantly.

The officer hailed, and the words came down distinctly on our ears. They were English.

Do you hear that, Mr. Mathews?" retorted the captain.

"Schooner, ahoy! Back your fore topsail, and lay to under our lee." The operation was performed, and the officer hailed again—

"What schooner is that?"

"The Mary Anne, of Bristol," thundered the captain, after waiting for the first call.

The lieutenant bowed, and rejoined—

"This is his Britannic Majesty's frigate Hero. The ship down there is the Jean Bart. She is too fast for us in a chase; but we are going to try to trick her to-day. Haul down your colors."

It was done, and the ensign fluttered from the peak to the deck. At the same moment, the two quarter and the stern-boat of the frigate dropped like feathers into the surging water, and their crews came shining, hand under hand, down the tackles, a cataract of blue-jackets.

The frigate again hailed: "Our men will board you as if you were our prize, and Captain—"

"Macleod!" roared the skipper.

"Macleod," resumed the lieutenant, "will be good enough to send on board a portion of his crew;" and then, as if he anticipated an objection, raising his voice, he shouted, "there will be no pressing-work, upon my honor. We only want to cheat our friend down yonder the better, by pretending to take on board prisoners. Our men will stay aboard you until your own come back. It's all right, Captain Macleod, is it not?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the skipper, quite reassured; "which of my lads will volunteer?"

"Me, and me, and me, and me!" burst from a score of voices. And the next moment the three cutters dashed their boat-hooks simultaneously into our lee side, that next the Frenchman, while the lieutenant and the midshipman in each, followed by the crew, only leaving a boat-keeper, scrambled upon our decks.

The second lieutenant bowed politely to the master and passengers, and looked round at our warlike preparation.

"You were going to fight our friend down there? I hope we can save you the trouble: but meantime—" Jameson, his coxswain, came up with a French ensign,—"for once, captain, the Mary Anne must carry the tricolor."

"No objection, no objection," stammered the skipper; although he clearly did n't like it. Up, however, went the token of conquest, the English ensign beneath it, and our volunteers, carrying empty bags and hammockless hammock cloths, so as still further to deceive the little Frenchman, went over the side, the half of the boats' crews remaining on board with their third lieutenant and a couple of midshipmen.

Again the boats, with the apparent prisoners, pulled around the schooner's stem and stern, giving the privateer a full view of them. The trick took perfectly. The Jean Bart filled her main topsail and came up, making small tacks until we could see the swarming crew on deck. The interest of the scene was now growing intense. We could see a stealthy movement in the frigate's sails, and as the privateer made the last tack which would have carried her clear of the schooner's bowsprit, the main topsail of the frigate was suddenly filled, her top-gallant sails sheeted home, and she started like a greyhound, gathering way astonishingly quick, while, amid the banging of her bow-chasers full at the Jean Bart, the French flag passed the English on the baulkards, one descending, the other ascending; and, in a moment more, the frigate's bowsprit was entangled in the privateer's mizen rigging, and the crash of the meeting ships was heard amid the rattle of the Hero's musketry. The breeze was fresh enough to blow away the smoke, and the instant that the ships touched, with a cheer, which only excited Englishmen can give, with rattling pistols and flashing cutlasses, a swarm of boarders poured like a cataract over the frigate's bows, and down from her bowsprit right upon the Frenchmen's heads, the marines following as fast as they might, and forming as they managed to scramble on the decks. But there was no need. Taken utterly by surprise, the men not at quarters, the guns untacked, the small arms below in the racks, and attacked by

a force at least double their number, the French did no discredit to their manhood, though they followed the sentiment of *saave qui peat*, and disappeared "like rats," said Captain Macleod, down into the interior of their vessel. A few alone kept their ground, headed by their officers, but a moment sufficed, as the ring of marines closed round them, to make them throw down the cutlasses which they had snatched up, and make a sulky surrender. And then the tri-color came down, and presently went up 'at the stern,' said Captain Macleod, 'the St. George and St. Andrew's ensign,' the operation however, reminding him of the tri-color at the truck of his own ship, he speedily had it down; and the national symbol hoisted again, was received with a universal burst of acclamation.

There remains but little more for me to say, only that there was another exchange of prisoners made,—a true one this time; and a more desperate lot of desperadoes, I give you my honor, I never saw. There seemed to be ruffians of all nations on board; but, of course, the French predominated. Now I hope you don't think that what I say is the effect of prejudice. I give you my word of honor that I speak the exact fact; but you must remember that they were—not men of war's men—nor yet honest merchant sailors—but Privateersmen, who are the dregs of the seaports from which they come; and are very little better, if at all, than pirates. I know that the strict rule is, when it can be done, to give a privateer the stem; but, bad as they are, I think that's too bloodthirsty a thing for Englishmen to do; even if the privateersmen were as wicked as the devil himself. Well, we got our men on board, with the captain of the frigate's thanks and compliments, and three dozens of claret: and the frigate men, of course, returned to their own berths in their own boats.

"Gentlemen and men," said Captain Macleod, "we'll give the Hero and her prize a parting salute. We're clear of the ships, so the shot of the guns won't do any harm to anybody but the fishes!"

And accordingly the light carronades were very cleverly fired; one alternately from each side, while Long Tom gave a finishing bang.

"And now," said Captain Macleod, "Gentlemen, Dinner!"

The following day we saw the frigate with her prize standing the same course as ourselves, and the following night we saw the Lizard Lights, when we were drinking the Hero's claret.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

THE longer I live the less grows my sympathy with women who are always wishing themselves men. I cannot but believe that all in life that is truly noble, truly good, truly desirable, God bestows upon us women in as unsparing measure as upon men. He only desires us, in his great benevolence, to stretch forth our hands and to gather for ourselves the rich joys of intellect, of nature, of study, of action, of love, and of usefulness, which He has poured forth around us. Let us only cast aside the false, silly veils of pre-

judice and fashion, which ignorance has bound about our eyes; let us lay bare our souls to God's sunshine of truth and love; let us exercise the intelligence which He has bestowed on us, upon worthy and noble objects, and this intelligence may become keen as that of men; and the paltry high heels and whalebone supports of mere drawing-room conventionality and young ladyhood withering up, we shall stand in humility before God, but proudly and rejoicingly at the side of man! Different always, but not less noble, less richly endowed. And all this we may do, without losing one jot or one tittle of our womanly spirit, but rather attain solely to these good, these blessed gifts, through a prayerful and earnest development of those germs of peculiar purity, of tenderest delicacy and refinement, with which our Heavenly Father has so especially endowed the woman. Let beauty and grace, spiritual and external, be the garments of our souls. Let love be the very essence of our being—love of God, of man, and of the meanest created thing,—Love that is strong to endure, strong to renounce, strong to achieve! Alone through the strength of Love, the noblest, the most refined of all strength—our blessed Lord himself having lived and died teaching it to us,—have great and good women hitherto wrought their noble deeds in the world; and alone through the strength of an all-embracing love, will the noble women who have yet to arise, work noble works or enact noble deeds. Let us emulate, if you will, the strength of determination which we admire in men, their earnestness and freedom of purpose, their unwearied energy, their largeness of vision; but let us never sigh after their lower so-called *privilege*, which, when they are sited with a thoughtful mind, are found to be the mere husks and chaff of the rich grain belonging to *humanity*, and not alone to men. The assumption of masculine airs or of masculine attire, or of the absence of tenderness and womanhood in a mistaken struggle after strength, can never sit more gracefully upon us than do the men's old hats, and great coats, and boots, upon the poor old gardeners of the English garden. Let such of us as have devoted ourselves to the study of an art—the interpreter to mankind at large of God's beauty—especially remember this, that the highest ideal in life, as well as in art, has ever been the blending of the beautiful and the tender with the strong and the intellectual.—*Miss Howitt's Art-Student in Munich.*

BUNYAN IN CHINA.—From a distance, in the midst of high words and angry sounds, we catch a word of interest to the calmer world for which we write;—Bunyan has made his descent into China. The Chinese are remarkably fond of works of fancy;—and "The Pilgrim's Progress," the first part of which has now passed through the press, is not unlikely to become with them what it is in England, a household book.

Six million francs have been expended this year on the Louvre: the Emperor wishes to lay out eight millions more in 1854, that he may astonish the Exhibition visitors of 1855.

From Punch.

CHILD'S PARTY IN DOWNING STREET.

(Described by good Mr. Punch for his young friends.)

"Come, my dears," said old Grandma Aberdeen, as she sat minding the child's party in Downing Street on New Year's Eve—for they had begged so hard to sit up and hear the year rung out, that the soft-hearted old lady could not refuse them—"come, you have romped about long enough, and I am fond of peace, you know. Draw your chairs round the fire, and we will have some quiet game. Master Cranworth, you sit down on that cushion, and Master Clarendon, please to put that bit of lighted cane out of your mouth. No smoking here. Pammy and Johnny, why do you look so cross at one another?—you have had a miff again, I know. For shame upon you! Charley Wood, my dear, you are always in good humor, get between those two. Gladly, my child, put down your slate, you are an industrious boy, but there is a time for every thing. Now, who will tell me a story?"

"I will, Grandma," said little Johnny Russell. "In the time of King John, there was a thing called Magna Charta, which—"

But here, Mr. Punch is sorry to say, Master Pammy and one or two others burst into a very rude laugh, and said that Johnny Russell was always beginning stories about Magna Charta.

"I will ask a riddle," said smart Master Osborne. But they all said they would not hear any of Master Osborne's riddles, because he learned them out of the end of the *Boy's Own Book*, and of course they knew them all by heart.

Master Pammy then proposed cross questions and crooked answers, but Grandma reminded him that they were all going to a party on the 31st, where that game would be the chief sport of the night. So, after some discussion, Grandma proposed that they should all tell one story.

"All of us in one story, Grandma?" said little John Russell. "That will be funny. We have never been in that before."

"The way is this," said Grandma. "One of you will begin and tell anything he likes, and go on telling it until I call to the next, who must immediately carry on the story in his way, and so on with the next, until you have all done. It is a favorite game in many places, and great fun; and each boy will show his character by the way he carries on the story."

There was great applause at this; and each boy began knitting his brows and thinking as hard as he could. After a few minutes, Grandma Aberdeen called to John Russell to begin. They all set up another laugh, supposing they should have Magna Charta again; but Johnny, who is a cool, self-possessed little fellow, smiled, and went on steadily enough.

"There was, once upon a time, a very big giant, whose name was Nick, and he dwelt in a city built on piles by an icy river. He wore great black boots, and a moustache, and when he drove about his kingdom, the poor horses were made to go so fast, that they often fell down dead—for he was a cruel giant. He loved to tear people

from their happy homes, and send them down dreadful mines, where the sun never comes, or to shave their heads and make soldiers of them, and have them half-starved until they were killed in doing his wicked work. Also, he was a great liar—"

"My dear," interposed Grandma, "I do not like this beginning. Perhaps you do not know all about the poor giant, who may have been a good creature and done these things for the best."

"I know him," shouted that audacious Pammy, "and of all the rascals—"

"Hold your tongue, Sir," said Grandma, "it is not your turn yet. Go on, Johnny, but be gentle in your language."

"This Nick," continued John, who now began to hesitate, "this Nick was hem, a—a—a despot. In our happy country we have a—a—a constitution, which is a long word, and I will explain it. In the days of King John, there were noblemen called Barons—"

"Go on, Master Gladstone," said Grandma, seeing the party grew impatient.

"Barons," continued Master Gladstone, speaking very fluently and gracefully, "who, weary of the despotism of their ruler, conceived that there were three courses open to them. One was to kill him, as in the case of King Charles; another was to expel him, as in that of King James; and the third was to compel him to sign a charter of freedom. This latter they adopted, but I am free to confess myself unable to discover what this has to do with Master Russell's narrative. I will therefore say that this Nick, being one day in a great rage, determined to rush into a neighbor's kingdom, and commit all kinds of ravage. He sent soldiers and ships, and to throw people off their guard, he said his prayers very loud. Now this neighbor had some strong friends, who wished to save him, so—"

"So what, Master Clarendon?" said Grandma.

"So," said Master Clarendon, "they wrote a lot of pretty notes, not in very good grammar, I believe, to Nick, telling him he didn't ought to do such things, and offering that the neighbor, whose name was Abdul, should give him money to keep off and leave him alone. But Abdul wasn't going to stand this, so he up with his flag, and comes out to fight Nick, and, by Jove, walked into him like—"

"Like what, Master Molesworth?" asked Grandma.

"Like a savage," said Master Molesworth. "For in an old book which I am very fond of, called Hobbes, it says, that man's natural state is a state of war, and I agree with that person to a certain extent. If we are prepared to concede that the best condition of a human being is that which is most like nature, there need be no hesitation in going to battle whenever we can. But wiser philanthropists hold—"

"What, Master Pammy?" said Grandma, observing that this would not do.

"Their tongues," said Master Pam. "I don't know what Abdul's friends did, but I fear they behaved like cowards and donkeys. But if I had been one of them, I would have said to the others, 'Let's stand by that plucky Abdul,' and

I would have wasted precious little time about note-writing. I'd have sent ships to smash his city of piles, and when the rascal came back from robbing his neighbors he should have found his own house in a blaze, and what's more, I would have said to the people he oppressed, 'Here's swords and guns, go it.' And I would have gone on, sinking his ships and burning his cities, and hanging his thieves until he fell down in his boots and begged for mercy, and paid all the costs, and I fancy he'd be glad to keep in his own place for the next fifty years."

Master Pam got quite excited, and made all the others excited also, and they began to hurry him; but he very much displeased Grandma by his violence, and she was going to read him a severe lecture, when the game was brought to a sudden end by the Bells dashing out into a full chorus. So they all wished one another a happy new year, and *Mr. Punch* wishes you the same.

From the *Athenæum*.

THE EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

COMMUNICATIONS have been received from Dr. Vogel up to the 11th of October last. At that date he was still in Murzuk, but the departure thence was fixed for the next following day. He had unavoidably been obliged to stay upwards of two months at that place, on account of his travelling companion and protector, the brother of the Sultan of Bornu,—to whom as well as to other people in that part of the world, as Dr. Vogel says, the trite saying "time is money," is altogether unknown,—and who alone had caused the delay, although, when asked on their arriving at Murzuk, as to when they would depart, he gave the answer, "Tanwa, tanwa," "immediately, immediately."

Dr. Vogel has partly occupied his time at Murzuk in reducing his various observations,—the results of which have now been sent home; and partly with exploring the surrounding country. Among other things, he found some interesting tombs of great antiquity in the Wady Djerma, near the village Khraik, about 100 English miles north of Murzuk. These tombs consisted of about fifty pyramids, mostly between six and eight feet high, and six to eight feet square at the bases, the sides corresponding precisely with the four quarters of the globe. Only two of these pyramids were sixteen feet high. One of the pyramids was opened, and in the interior a carefully constructed tomb, five to six feet long, three feet wide and three feet high, was discovered with the skeleton of a child, apparently ten to twelve years of age, together with some pearls and corals. Dr. Vogel tried to get to the interior of one of the larger pyramids; but from the continued breaking of the implements in demolishing the walls, the people declared that it must be the tomb of a saint, the disturbance of which would bring misfortune on their heads, and consequently refused their assistance in the excavation.

It is gratifying to learn that Dr. Vogel has not in the least suffered from the climate, and has passed the time at that most dangerous place,

Murzuk, without indisposition, while nearly all his people were more or less attacked by fever. He hoped to reach Kuka in fifty-five to sixty days.

From the circumstance that no news had come from Dr. Barth, there can be little doubt that this energetic traveller has continued his journey to Timbuctoo, and commenced the exploration of the middle course of the Kowara and the countries in that region, which are as yet unknown to Europeans.

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN.

NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY.—A new order of chivalry has been established beyond the Rhine. The King of Bavaria, on the occasion of his last birth-day, founded a new order—an order of intellectual chivalry,—to which the grandest celebrities of the Fatherland, authors, artists, men of science and musicians—all who cultivate the arts of peace, who beautify life and ennoble society, are to become associated. Already a selection of the Forty has been made, and the list includes the names of all that is most renowned in German literature and culture. The order is entitled, the Order of Maximilian the Second. The members of it bear the title of chevaliers or knights. The decoration is composed of a cross in gold, enamelled in dark blue, with a white edge. It is surrounded by a garland of laurel and oak, and surmounted by a royal crown; at each of the corners are four rays, and in the centre in a crowned escutcheon is the effigy of the king, with the motto, "Maximilian II. King of Bavaria." On the other side is the symbol of the branch of science or of the fine arts to which the recipient belongs, whether he be a savant, a poet, or an artist. Here, then, is yet another instance of the inauguration of a method by which can be rewarded greatness which is not that of the sword, and services which are not those of the cabinet or the battle-field. Here is an order having intelligible meaning—its foundation being laid on ideas now existing and now active. The aversion which men of the pen express towards the decorations which belong of prescriptive right to the sword is founded in nature and logic. To assume them would not merely be to strut in borrowed feathers,—but to admit that their services and their attainments need a reflected light to set them off. The pride of genius,—of literature—of civil service—refuses to indorse so absurd an admission. It is not true in fact: why should it be so in appearance? The slow-paced genius of the English State is long in travelling to a logical conclusion:—the "Order of Victoria"—a graceful and appropriate name for a chivalry created in the cause of the Muses and in the interests of peace—waits for an auspicious moment. Meanwhile we are content to chronicle the progress made abroad in carrying out a notion we have never ceased to urge as one of the necessities of such an age as that in which we live.

The Belgian Chamber of Representatives have adopted a Bill on Patents, which fixes their duration at twenty years.

From Fraser's Magazine, Jan. 1854.

THE FREIGHT OF THE JACOBINA.

WELL, cousin, after all, there is not much to tell. But since you wish it, you shall have my story. And I remember what happened to me fifty years ago far more clearly than the events of even last week; so you have at least one failing of old age in your favor.

In the spring of the year 1744, I was unexpectedly called home from Leyden, where I had been studying for some time, by the sudden and alarming illness of my father. You know how matters then stood between us and France. In ordinary times I should have travelled most safely and speedily by taking my passage on board of one of the Dutch merchant ships, many of which put into our Cornish ports. But now there were hawks abroad; and as I had small fancy for the luxuries of a French *cachot*, I determined to cross at once to London, and then to take horse with a good pair of pistols at my holster.

So I did. And after half-a-dozen skirmishes with highwaymen, and as many accidents, owing to the villainous roads, I got nearly to the end of my journey with but a moderate proportion of bumps and bruises. I had still, however, more than one day's hard riding to get through before I could halt on Penderick moor, and see the smoke of our old house rising up from its tall white chimneys. But I was now fairly in the West; and (since I had received letters in London, telling me of my father's slow recovery), I began to feel somewhat at home, and to enjoy the honest old Saxon of the peasantry, so delightful after the outlandish jabber of my friends the Hogan Mogans.

Well, I had been all day in the saddle, clattering down steep hill roads, covered with stones, little better than the beds of torrents, and clambering up again, only, as it seemed, for the pleasure of once more descending, and was looking forward to the comforts of mine inn, such as inn comforts were in those days, when at last I surmounted a hill more like the roof of a house than any of its brethren, and was rewarded — by a glorious prospect indeed — for there lay the sea-coast with its white beaches, and its ranges of gray cliffs rising above them, and there lay wooded valley and glistening spring-field; but where was the little village with its old-fashioned hostelry? Although I looked carefully enough, I could discover no sign of habitation, except the roofs of two or three farms rising up between the trees; and these were at a great distance, and in the wrong direction. What should I do, for the evening was not only rapidly closing, but threatened to set in with storm and rain?

The road wound over a patch of wild moor; and I spurred my horse up over the heather in the hope of finding some one who might direct me, or of discovering the inn itself. No. The fields were as lifeless and as deserted as a Dutch morass; there was no creature within sight, and not even a farm-house visible. Far and wide the coast spread out, indented with narrow bays, and stretching its grim craggy headlands into the foaming waste of waters. At last — was it

only some strange rock, or the top of an old tower, that I saw over the headland, close down upon the sea? At all events, it seemed my only chance; so I took once more to the road, that promised to lead me nearer to it, whatever it might be.

The evening grew wilder and wilder; and as I rode onward I could see the foam flying in great white flakes over the rocks of that stern and iron-bound coast. I pushed on, until I had passed the neck of the headland. A long valley lay before me, shut in with steep green hills on either side, but broadening towards the sea. You know how, in the western counties, the homesteads are fairly hidden in the deep coombes, as they are called; so that you may look from a hill-top, and not see a single dwelling, although there may be twenty within hail. At the head of the valley, and close before me, I found a cluster of cottages. Over one there swung a sign. I looked and looked again. Yes, I could not be mistaken. There were our own Cornish choughs proper, displaying their red legs, within their border of bezants. But in the name of the three Kings of Cologne, what were they doing there?

Here was strange matter. For a moment I was fairly bewildered: but before the noise of my horse's hoofs had called out the inmates of the cottage, the solution of the mystery flashed across me. My father's elder brother — you never saw him, cousin — if you had, you would scarcely have wondered at it, had long ceased to hold even ordinary communication with the rest of his family. There had been no open quarrel. But my uncle's disposition was totally unlike that of the others. They had taken different sides in politics and in religion: my uncle alone had kept to the old faith, whilst his brothers had become members of the Reformed Church. Nor was this all. He had married a lady of high rank, and of unblemished Norman descent, who looked down with pretty considerable contempt upon the members of her husband's family, notwithstanding their three choughs. So, when I came home from Leyden, I had never seen my uncle, and had never visited the old house over whose turrets my ancestors' flag had floated for so many generations. But I had heard enough of it. Often and often I had been told of its corridors and vaults, its winding stairs and its dungeons; and it was with a strange mixture of feelings that I now found myself within half a mile of it. That was the western turret I had seen above the headland.

Of this, however, I was not made certain, at once. I heard a running to and fro in the cottage. "There he comes at last," said a voice. "Ay, ay, the captain will be mortal glad; and presently out poured landlord and landlady, and half-a-dozen country fellows, who had been drinking in the tap-room.

"Lord, sir," said mine host, "the Captain has been down at the Castle these three hours. Here has been a power of messengers after you. But your honor will, no doubt, choose a glass of ale before you go down."

I saw that he mistook me for some expected guest, but I did not care to undeceive him, until

I found myself in the little parlor of the inn, and then it proved a difficult matter. "Your honor need not be so close with me," he said. "I know," and he gave me a confidential wink. "But as your honor pleases. Here is your good health, and wishing —;" and mine host winked again.

A few minutes told me where I was, and how near to the old house of my ancestors. In youth we take little note of family coldnesses. Unless the brawl has been an active one, and carried out with cut and thrust fighting, on either side, we can scarcely understand the feeling that keeps relatives apart, and take, in consequence, little note of it. Accordingly, although I knew there had been no intercourse for many years between Cardiness Castle and our own branch of the family, I let my curiosity have its own way, and despatched a note, in which I said that, finding myself accidentally in the neighborhood, I desired to pay my respects to the head of our house. In about half an hour I received a packet, looking like a ministerial despatch, the seal of which exhibited three choughs, honorably quartered with the stars and chevrons of the Norman heiress. These were the contents:—

"DR. NEPHEW,—I could have wished that your visit to this house had occurred at a more favorable season. But I thank God I have never been wanting in my duty, whatever may be the case with others. I shall receive you, therefore, as you desire. Pray come down at once.—Yrs., dr. nephew, "—"

This was cold enough. But what cared I? I determined to go, and to see a place and people I might never again have a chance of visiting. So mine host, notwithstanding his annoyance at finding himself excluded from all confidence, despatched a guide, to show me the nearest way to the castle.

It was still wild and stormy, but the moon was struggling through masses of broken cloud, and, by her light, after riding for some way down the valley, I saw, at last, the strange old turreted mansion, rising up darkly against its background of gray sea. How the stories of the chances it had gone through, of the sieges it had sustained, of its many perils by flood and by fire, came across me, with that first glimpse! It had been built toward the middle of the fifteenth century, when this coast was exposed to the ravages of French pirates, always ready to commence their depredations on the first signal of war, and very often without it. Hence it had been built with more regard to defence and protection than was usual at that time. A lofty outer wall, with battlements and watch-turrets, at the angles, surrounded it entirely, and enclosed an ample court, within which stood the house itself, pierced with narrow windows, and strange fantastically formed openings, for hurling missiles, in case of assault. All was dark, except a long range of windows on the right; and, even from them, so deep were their embrasures, the rays fell but feebly upon the tall black walls of the court-yard.

Light-hearted as I was, I confess to a strange indescribable feeling, that stole over me, as I looked around. The unusual form of the building, the absence of all the bustle that is generally

found about so large and important a mansion, the plashing of the waves on the shore beyond, and then the undefined feeling of my own connection with the place,—all this combined to influence me strangely, and made me look forward with something like dread to the meeting with my unknown relatives. But I had no time to indulge in any such fancies. The great doors were opened, without delay, and a whole army of servants stood there, waiting to receive me. After all, my uncle had a certain respect for every scion of the three choughs.

Within there was the same stillness. A grave and solemn looking domestic led me through a long gallery, hung with faded tapestry, and, at last, ushered me into a lofty and spacious apartment, imperfectly lighted by tall candlesticks of silver, ranged between the many windows, and by the half-burnt logs that smouldered upon the hearth. The ceiling richly carved in dark oak, heavily falling hangings, whose once bright roses and lilies had faded into one uniform tint of sombre gray,—clumsy furniture, that might have been as old as the house itself,—and, at the further end, grand beaufets, laden with quaintly-formed vessels of gold and silver: altogether the apartment had an air of gloomy magnificence, well in keeping with the rows of stately portraits that looked down from its walls. But to this I gave a single glance. Two persons only sat there: my uncle himself, who rose to receive me, from his chair by the wide-arched chimney,—and a lady, whom I concluded to be his wife, a tall and somewhat austere looking personage, in black velvet, who was sitting opposite him, and who did *not* rise on my entrance.

"Nephew," said my uncle, as he took my hand, formally enough, as I thought, "these doors have never been closed to any of our family, who desire to enter them, and, whilst I live, they never shall be. You are welcome, although your visit may chance to prove inconvenient. Lady Margaret, this is my brother's only son."

But Lady Margaret's cold gray eyes were bent perseveringly on the ground. There was an awkward silence. At last she looked up sharply. "Sir John, Sir John," she said, "I have warned you. Take the consequences. Young man, I am sorry to see you here, for your own sake as well as for that of others. If you take my advice you will lose no time in leaving this house."

I began to think myself *de trop* indeed.

"My visit," I said, "seems to give more trouble than I anticipated. Perhaps I had better follow your ladyship's advice, and close it at once."

But my uncle laid his hand on my arm.

"Your ladyship forgets," he said, "however ill-timed his coming, my nephew has a right to such hospitality as this house can afford. Martin," he said to a servant who entered, "I expect a strange gentleman to-night; show him here at once, and let supper be served as soon as he comes. And now, nephew, be seated, and tell me what is doing at Leyden."

So my uncle asked grave questions about the professors, and the politics and the students, and half a hundred other things, to all which I replied as well as my wandering thoughts would

allow me. For, although I tried to be a judicious listener, I caught myself more than once speculating on the old portraits hanging on the walls, and tracing a resemblance between their long, pale faces and that of my uncle—to say nothing of my own.

"And so," said my uncle, "they have built a new bridge to the Stadt-house? That is very well. I remember when I was at Leyden in '19, I saw a grave senator ducked in the canal,—robes and all; and all for want of this very bridge. That was just before our Dutch neighbors joined the Alliance: and by my faith, nephew, I was not sorry to see one of the consenting knaves so punished. Well, they must look further off now for their friends. And what are you thinking to set about after you get back to Penderick?"

"I—I scarcely know," I said; "that is, I have thoughts of—perhaps of the army."

"Sir John," interposed Lady Margaret, who had been all this time watching me with no very kindly looks, "your civilities are quite thrown away. Don't you see that the young gentleman is thinking far too much of himself to waste a thought upon you?"

And there was some truth in what her ladyship said, for I had just discovered a portrait whose history I knew full well,—that of Gwenthian, the White Hand, an unhappy daughter of our house, whose story formed one of its principal legends. The picture had been too often described to me to be mistaken, although I saw it for the first time.

"Ah," said Sir John, "we cannot wonder. Yes, young man, these ancestors of ours have all an interest in you, although you have withdrawn yourself from them and their religion. But that, after all, is your father's doings and not yours. I will hope better things of you. That coat of arms, let me tell you, sir, (pointing to the three choughs over the chimney) has never yet been seen but on the side of loyalty and honor. The army, did you say? Well, we shall see. Take time, young man,—take time. Do nothing hastily. These are changeable days we live in."

"Sir John," said Lady Margaret, with such a frown as Xantippe may have bestowed on her husband when he returned to her after a longer day's work than usual in the Agora, "you have really no consideration; you would provoke —;" but what more her ladyship would have said was cut short by the entrance of a servant, who ushered into the apartment a gentleman in a richly-laced scarlet coat, with a small rapier hanging at his side.

This personage advanced up the room with an air of immense importance, and was received both by my uncle and Lady Margaret with an *empressment* that, as it struck me, was hardly accounted for by his manner, which was vulgar and presuming, or by his very ordinary features.

Sir John briefly named him to me as Mr. Staunton.

"I beg pardon," he said, "for keeping you waiting, as I presume I have done; but they told me at the inn yonder, that Captain Van Meerelt was so impatient, so anxious to get off the Jacobina, that I just went down to the vessel before I

came here. Ah, Sir John, you are a happy man, —none of these troubles for you. You have only to sit at home, and let the world wag; we poor devils must work as best we can."

"Mr. Staunton," said Lady Margaret, "pray don't encourage Sir John in any of his stay-at-home fancies. Why should all the trouble be yours? I could readily spare him, for my part."

"Always ready, Lady Margaret," replied the other,—"always ready to sacrifice yourself for the common cause. Well, I have seen our little friend. No letters, you understand—no letters. But he has not forgotten your ladyship. I am charged to deliver this case with my own hand. 'Tell Lady Margaret,' said his—said our friend—'she must wear it for my sake—for my sake.'"

"Ah," said Lady Margaret, as she opened the case, (it contained a ring set with diamonds,) "that will be no hard duty. I wish, Sir John,—but you must speak to him yourself, Mr. Staunton."

"Mr. Staunton," said Sir John, "knows very well he need not press matters with me. My duty and this house are always at his service."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Staunton—"my dear Lady Margaret—one would think I had never known you till to-night. But well, well—let us to supper, for I see the doors are opened. And, to tell truth, as Gay says, Is n't it Gay?"

A chicken, too, might do me good.

Your sea-air is monstrous appetizing. Allow me, Lady Margaret."

So we passed through the folding-doors into the supper room. I did not perceive that our party had been increased until I heard a strange voice pronounce the grace. When I looked up, I saw that the chaplain had joined us, for I could not doubt it was the chaplain—a tall, thin man in black, with quick, restless eyes, full of observation.

The conversation was, for some time, either indifferent or turned on matters which, to me, were complete enigmas. Once or twice the chaplain looked doubtfully, first at me and then at my uncle; but Sir John took no notice, and at last turned to the red-coated stranger.

"A glass of hermitage, Mr. Staunton. Your very good health. You must find our English cellars indifferent enough after drinking these southern wines in their own countries. Well, your duty has its pleasures to balance its pains. Your last venture succeeded well enough, I hear from Van Meerelt. You passed through town—did you see the Captain?"

The Chaplain smiled. "We are told, down here," he said, "that the Captain is suffering; no doubt he has much to annoy him."

"Ah," said Mr. Staunton, laying down his Flemish glass with a sigh, "your reverence is right. Yes, Sir John, yes; I saw the Captain, and he looks put poorly—but poorly. Give me the little Jacobina: I would n't exchange her and her cargo; no, sir, not if the Captain would make me his right-hand man to-morrow. And, by-the-bye, Sir John, what a snug harbor that is of yours, and how well the vessel is lying. Van

Meerelt tells me he will have no trouble—no trouble at all. Everything is easy. What is that before your reverence? a Devonshire pie! Ah! I will trouble you for some. Thank you, thank you."

"It is a dish," said Sir John, with solemnity, "that has been a great favorite of mine ever since I learnt from a friend who had been spending some time in Rome, that his—that the—that a most illustrious personage who is just now resident there, manifests a great fondness for it, and directs its frequent appearance at his table.* Yes, young man," continued Sir John, turning to me, "you can have no difficulty in understanding to whom I allude, though I fear Leyden has scarcely increased your respect for birth and dignity."

"Unless," said the chaplain, with a sneer, "both are as prosperous as a Batavian merchant. Is your nephew fresh from Leyden, Sir John?"

"I left it not many days since," I said. "But you mistake greatly if you imagine that all our Dutch friends are insensible to the claims of fallen dignity. Only a month ago, the authorities at the Hague discovered a wide-spread Jacobite correspondence among their own people——"

"Had you heard of this, Mr. Staunton?" said Sir John, stopping me, hastily.

"My dear sir," replied Mr. Staunton, with his mouth full of Devonshire pie, "I had heard—yes, yes, I had heard—a mere—quite——" but all at once he caught the chaplain's eye fixed on him with a warning glance, and I saw it too. "A mere fancy of the wise Dutchmen," he continued, carelessly, "as I believe; but, of course, a most serious affair—a most dangerous matter—if it turn out to be real."

"From what I heard, I have no doubt of it," I said; "there were letters——"

"I told Van Meerelt," said Mr. Staunton, rising, "that I would see him again to-night—Lady Margaret, will you permit me? Duty, you know, duty. And may I ask your reverence," turning to the chaplain, "to give me your attention for five minutes? there are some few matters connected with the ship—some very trifling yet necessary matters touching the unloading of the books Van Meerelt has brought for your reverence, on which I should wish to consult you. It grows late, I see. Will your ladyship excuse us at once?"

"And high time, I think, Mr. Staunton," said Lady Margaret, with a glance at me; "I hope you have not delayed here too long; but Sir John knows best."

"Mr. Staunton must be in time as yet," said Sir John. "But it is late, and you must be tired, nephew, after your long day's ride. Martin will

show you your room; and so good night; sleep soundly under your forefathers' roof. Yet stay, a word in your ear: If times should change, remember—the old faith—the old trusts—and you have a friend at Cardiness."

Lady Margaret had disappeared while my uncle was speaking, and as he bowed me from the room, I followed Martin, who, with a pair of candles that would have done honor to the shrine of a Romish saint, led the way to my apartment. As we passed through the room in which I had been received, however, I made him stop for a moment under the picture of Gwenthian the White Hand. Her legend had been haunting me ever since I had first recognized those pale, sad, yet most beautiful features. She was drawn in a dress of dark hue, touched here and there with gold, after the fashion of the early painters. In her hand she held a chaplet of beads, and the background showed a wild forest scene, closed in with distant rocky mountains. The skill of the Gothic artist had not been great, but he had, nevertheless, succeeded in portraying a countenance of a beauty so peculiar and so fascinating, that I no longer wondered at the prominence which had been assigned to the Lady Gwenthian among the legends of our house. The White Hand—she deserved the name, if the painter had been truthful; and besides, she had an hereditary claim to it. Down among the roots of our family tree reposes the shield of Yseult aux Blanches Mains, the wife of King Mark of Cornwall. But Sir Tristram's *belle amie* could scarcely have been fairer than her descendant, nor was her story a sadder one.

So I followed Martin through the long narrow passages, and up the winding turret stairs, half expecting to see the Lady of the White Hand emerge from one of the arched doorways, and float on before us through the gloom. The apartment to which I was conducted was low, and panelled with dark oak; at one end a narrow folding door, latticed with arabesque carving, opened into a long gallery hung with dark green arras. This I explored when Martin had left me, and then, stirring the logs on the hearth into a bright blaze, I sat down before them, and allowed my fancy to wander at its own free will.

Scarcely conscious of the present, my thoughts returned to the story of Gwenthian. A Breton knight,—so it ran,—had been wrecked on our wild coast, not far from Cardiness Castle. There he was received, and there he remained for some time; long enough to love the Lady Gwenthian, and to be loved again. But then came the old story. The Lord of Cardiness had served under the great Talbot, and had witnessed the execution of Joan of Arc. There was no chance of his smiling on the lovers. And the French knight had scarcely regained his own country, when Gwenthian was called upon to give her hand to the son of a neighboring baron.

However, fate had not willed that the chonghs should be so quartered. The lovers were still able to communicate by means of the fishermen and merchants who frequented the coast, and they laid their plans accordingly. Gwenthian fell ill, and became gradually worse. At last her old nurse sought her father, and with many tears told him that his daughter was dying, and prayed

* Sir John had not been altogether misinformed. "There is every day a regular table of ten or twelve covers, well served, into which some of the qualified persons of his court, or travellers, are invited. It is supplied with English and French cookery, French and Italian wines; but I took notice that the Pretender ate only of the English dishes, and made his dinner of roast beef and what we call *Devonshire Pie*."—Letter from an English traveller at Rome, 1721, printed in the Miscellany of the Spottiswoode Club.

him to listen to her last request. She could not join her lover in life, she said: but after death, what mattered it? Only she prayed that she might then be taken across the seas, and laid to rest in the little chapel at the foot of the broomy hill he had so often described to her.

The old knight listened and frowned: but he loved his daughter, and he granted her request. So Gwenthian died: and then the nurse took charge of her, and the day came when she was to be borne in her coffin down over the black rocks, and on board the vessel that lay there waiting. But on that morning the priest of the castle sought her father; "Sir Knight," he said, "the times crave wariness. Examine, I pray you, the coffin of the Lady Gwenthian, before you permit it to depart. That hath come to my ears which I would not willingly believe, yet dare not neglect." So on the seashore before all the people, the coffin was searched; and therein they found the Lady Gwenthian, not dead, but laid peacefully to rest until she should rejoin her lover on the Breton shore. She sprang up with a shriek, and before any one could lay hands on her, she had gained the top of a lofty rock that towers at the head of the little bay. And when she saw her father coming towards her, full of rage and fury, she leapt sheer over into the deep waters, that closed sternly above their prey, and gave it up no more. To this day the rock is called, "The Leap of the White Hand."

But the priest, as the legend asserts, never prospered from that time. Full of sorrow for the loss which he had caused, he wandered from place to place, seeking rest in vain. Nor, so the people believed, could he find it even after death. Many declared that they had seen his dusky figure gliding along the castle battlements, or gazing on the sea from some lofty watch turret. And on certain nights of the year, the fishermen feared to approach the castle beach, since as they lay off it in their boats, they heard cries ringing along the rocks, as of one in great distress and agony.

Such was the gloomy old legend, all the particulars of which had now been strongly recalled to me. I sat meditating on them, and on the strange chance which had brought me to the castle, until, fairly overpowered with fatigue, I fell back in my chair, and in a few moments was sound asleep. I must have slept long; and my waking visions must have passed into those of slumber; for when I at last awoke, it was with a start, and the clash of weapons was still ringing in my ears. For some moments I could not recover myself. The fire had burnt itself out, and the moonlight poured in a flood of brightness through the tall and narrow lattice. I rose up, cold and shuddering, full of that undefined species of terror, which oppresses us when suddenly roused from dreamy and unquiet slumber.

I passed into the recess of the window, half fearing to advance into the darkness of the apartment. As I stood there, I heard, or seemed to hear, the same ringing sound, like the stroke of a sword on metal, which had, as I fancied, roused me from my dream. The castle stood, as I told you, within a lofty machicolated wall, which left a sort of open court on each side of the building.

This court was wide and spacious in front; but at the sides, the enclosing wall approached so near as to leave but a narrow passage between itself and the castle. Into one of these passages my apartment looked.

Fronting the window in which I stood, was an arched doorway; narrow, and passing backwards into the thickness of the wall. The moon lit up the court with a brightness like that of day; all at once a shadow fell across it. Again I heard that strange ringing noise—could I be still dreaming? On the ground just without the darkness of the archway, there lay a long, bright sword, glancing and glittering in the moonlight. I had scarcely discovered it when there came from under the postern arch a tall figure, shrouded from head to foot in a thick black mantle, such as is worn by the members of certain religious orders. Its face I could not see; but it stooped as it passed into the moonlight, and lifting the sword from the ground, glided on swiftly and disappeared round a projecting angle of the castle.

I will confess to you, cousin, that as the figure vanished, a feeling took possession of me, such as I had never before experienced, and such as I do not greatly care even to recall at present. Something there was of horror, and something of a strange fearful curiosity. All at once I remembered the gallery that opened from my chamber. It had disappeared in that direction. The doors were still open. The latticed windows looked into the further court. It was empty. No sign of living creature was there.

Shuddering, and feeling more than half convinced that what I had seen was no tenant of middle earth, I turned away from the furthest window. The extreme end of the gallery was not hung, like the rest, with arras, but fitted with small panels, richly and delicately carved. As I turned, it seemed to me that the moonlight fell in a singular manner upon one of these divisions, giving it a reddened appearance, as though the rays had passed through stained glass: but on going close to it, I found that the light came from beyond, and pierced through a small open space at the bottom of the panel. This I examined narrowly, and found that it slid in a groove, so that when raised, any one in the gallery could see into the apartment beyond.

Cautiously, and half fearing what it might disclose, I raised the panel. Well, cousin—beyond was the Castle Chapel. There was the altar, richly decorated, with a tall gloomy picture rising behind it. Above, the moonlight struggled through the storied windows; but below, fronting the altar, was that which at once attracted me beyond everything else. A wide space yawned in the midst of the floor, showing the first narrow steps that led to the vault beneath. An enormous wax light, evidently removed from the altar, was placed on the edge of the vault, and by its aid I could distinguish a great heap of unscabbarded swords, piled together close to the steps, whilst many more were lying scattered over the floor of the chapel. There was no one present; but as I looked, I heard the sound of steps ascending from the vault, and presently that same dark figure emer-

ged which I had seen in the open court. A thrill passed through me, but I continued to gaze, and when at last he looked upward, I knew him. It was my uncle's chaplain.

Fearing to be discovered, I drew gently back from my post of vantage, though not before another figure had appeared from the vault—a man in a sailor's dress—who gathered up a bundle of the swords beside the steps, and again vanished with them. The Captain of the Jacobina no doubt; and were these the chaplain's books?

By this time I had seen quite enough. And

to tell you the truth, cousin, I was not much surprised, when, a month or two afterwards, a royal messenger appeared somewhat unexpectedly at Cardiness Castle, and could not be prevailed on to depart unless accompanied by the representative of the three Choughs. Whether, in after life, my uncle considered that the lustre of his shield had suffered by his temporary residence in the Tower I cannot determine: I rather think not. And at all events, he journeyed thither in becoming state,—in his own chariot and six, with the red legs of the choughs duly blazoned upon its panels.

CHRISTIANITY AND MOHAMMEDANISM.—Christianity and Mohammedanism have been lately brought into contrast by the present state of Turkey and Russia, and the great superiority of the former belief pointed out. The writer, cordially admitting the claims of pure Christianity, will not advert to that argument, but simply offer to the public mind the duty of comparing the religion of *Mohammed with that of Paganism*; many shades of which exist under British government in India and elsewhere, exciting the laudable exertions of British and American missionaries. Let us consider the soul-depressing influence of caste, the gross sensualities and revolting cruelties of the worship of Juggernaut, the self-inflicted tortures of the pagan devotees, the sacrifice of widows in the fires of the suttee, legal destruction of new-born infants, and many other inhuman rites which an Indian resident could readily name. Add the horrors developed in the half-regal, half-religious institutions of *Pagan Africa*. When these have been pondered, let us turn to the Mohammedan law, which teaches the essential doctrines of one Almighty Creator and Preserver of the universe, and of a future state in which men will receive the just recompense of their conduct here. Rejecting all graven images and symbols of the Deity, it presents him purely and spiritually, and offers one Teacher (though not the true one) as commissioned to instruct mankind. If the argument be fairly weighed, and the greater facility with which true doctrine may be infused into minds already half-instructed, the writer feels it very probable that the result may be a persuasion that the votary of Allah should be considered as the pioneer who breaks up the rough flinty soil of *Paganism*, leaving it open for the fertilizing seed of all the blessed and blessing religion of Christ, to which it becomes a most useful though unconscious assistant. So deeply has this religion impressed the conscience of its followers with the absolute duty of Truth as the foundation of morality with noble frankness disclaiming all mental reservation—the modern synonym for falsehood—that no person who has resided among them would not, like the writer, place implicit confidence in the promise of a Mussulman. S.

The value of property in San Francisco city is assessed for taxation at 30,000,000 dollars.

The Board of Trade Department of Science and Art has issued a circular to the masters of schools throughout the country on the subject of elementary drawing, with the view of obtaining evidence as to the best modes now practised of affording such instruction. The circular points out that the Department views the acquirement of the power of drawing, "much less as related to fine art or for the encouragement of artists, decorative or otherwise, than as promoting accurate observation by the eye, a habit of seeing correctly and a rapid means of explanation where writing fails, useful in every relation of life." Examples are wanted; and to this end the circular requests masters to furnish specimens, for which they are prepared to pay five shillings for every example selected for publication. The masters are also requested to state the processes by which they teach, with the view of determining on the best.

There has been a controversy in the *Times* respecting the accuracy of a statement made by Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, to the effect that Sir Walter Scott wrote a song for the Pitt Club while Fox was dying, ending "Tally-ho to the Fox." Lord Holland, in Moore's Diary, is made to deny the story as a "calumny." Sir William Napier has this week written a letter stating that he made the assertion from his own recollections and the collateral authority of Mrs. Dugald Stewart, whose husband so resented the song that he broke off all intimacy with Sir Walter Scott. "Senex," however, seems to set the matter at rest, in a subsequent communication to the *Times*. "The song in question," he says, "was written for the celebration of Lord Melville's acquittal, and sung at a dinner given in Edinburgh for that purpose on the 27th of June 1806. Mr. Fox at that time was not known to be ill, nor did his death take place until the 13th of September of the same year. * * * The words of the song to which Sir William alludes are these:—

"In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, Sir,
Great talents we honor, slight difference forgive;
But the Brewer we'll hoax—
Tally ho to the Fox!
And drink "Melville for ever" as long as we live."

[The song was sung by James Ballantyne, at the Melville dinner.]

NEW BOOKS.

We are indebted to the publishers for the following new books:—

The Christian's Manual of Faith and Devotion: containing Dialogues and Prayers suited to the various exigencies of the Christian Life. By John Henry Hobart, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York. Stanford & Swords: New York.

The Churchman's Companion in the Closet; or a Complete Manual of Private Devotion, collected from the Writings of Archbishop Laud, Bishop Andrews, Bishop Kerr, and other Eminent Divines of the Church of England. Stanford & Swords: New York.

The Life and Letters of the late Rev. Henry Venn, Author of the Whole Duty of Man, etc. From the Sixth London Edition. Stanford & Swords: New York.

Sacra Privata: the Private Meditations, Devotions, and Prayers of the Right Rev. T. Wilson, D. D., Bishop of Sodor and Man. Adapted to general use. Stanford & Swords: New York.

A Companion for the Altar: containing Sacramental Prayers and Meditations, with Directions to the Communicant. Stanford & Swords: New York.

The Church Choir: containing Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, and Chants. Arranged for the Organ or Piano Forte. By Joseph Muenschner. Stanford & Swords: New York. Two Parts, bound in one. This work contains more than 400 pages of well printed Music.

The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell; with an Original Biography and Notes. Edited by Epes Sargent. Phillips, Sampson, & Co.: Boston. This Edition possesses some advantages over any hitherto published. It contains a very full Memoir, compiled from Dr. Beattie's Life and Letters of the Poet, and from Cyrus Redding's Reminiscences. The Poems collected in the Moxon Editions are given according to the arrangement approved by the Author. To these have been added fifty poems, collected from various sources.

Fretful Lillia; or, the Girl who was compared to a Stingnettle. By Francis Forrester, Esq. This is another volume of Uncle Toby's Library—Published by G. C. Rand, Boston.

Friends' Review—First Month 14 and 21. This grave and christian weekly paper has begun a series of articles showing the importance of cultivating Cotton in Africa. It is said that the cotton plant is perennial there—and that it can be profitably cultivated. The difficulty will be to get laborers into this harvest. At present it seems little likely that the emigrants to Liberia will be able to compete with the Southern States of this Union. We shall be glad to hear of the increase of their production and trade; and so far their growth as a Colony has not been inferior to that of the Pilgrim Fathers, in the infancy of their colonization. If it be practicable to plant a race in Africa, who can support industrious habits in that climate—there may be vast results even in our day.

Essays on Philosophical Writers, and other Men of Letters. By Thomas De Quincey, author of Confessions of an English Opium-eater, etc. In

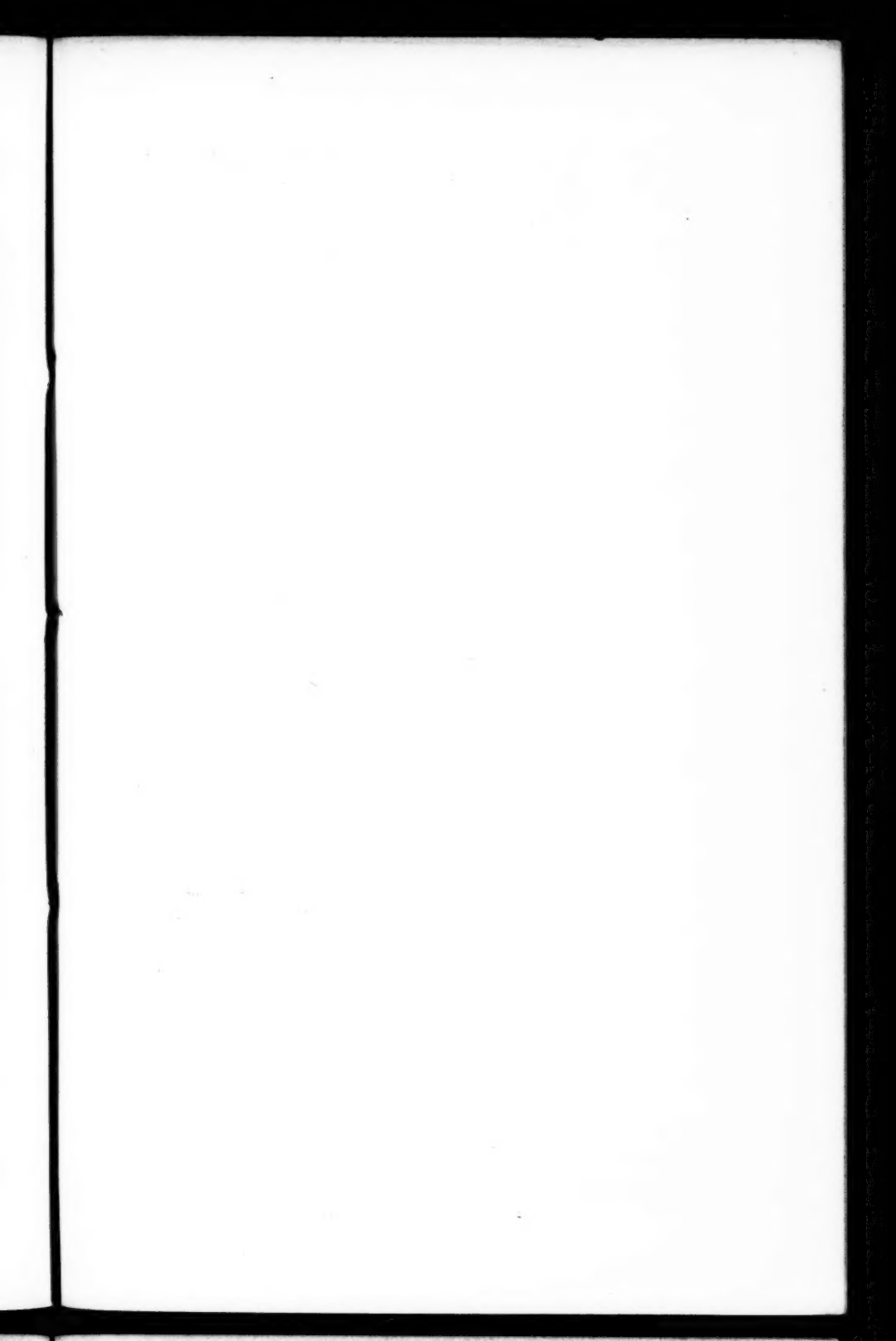
two volumes. Ticknor, Reed & Field: Boston. Contents: Sir William Hamilton; Sir James Mackintosh; Kant; Herder; Richter; Lessing; Bentley; Parr. A great feast!

Origin, History, and Description of the Boomerang Propellor: a lecture delivered at the United Service Institution. By Lieut. Col. Sir J. L. Mitchell.—Some sixteen years ago, on his return from an expedition into the interior of Australia, Sir Thomas Mitchell exhibited some of the native weapons in this country: among others was the boomerang. The flight of this singular weapon through the air, to use the words of Mr. Bailey, then Vice President of the Royal Society, "was enough to puzzle a mathematician." One curious point about it was, its resemblance to a weapon used by the ancient Egyptians for killing wild ducks, as this pastime is found represented on the walls of a tomb at Thebes. Interest in the weapon thus excited, Sir Thomas tried a number of experiments with it;—the ultimate result of which is, the invention of the boomerang propeller. Into the question of relative merits, as between the screw, the boomerang, and the paddle wheel, we shall not enter. The friends of each are, of course, confident of the superior virtues of their own power, and intolerant of any other. Sir Thomas Mitchell's discourse is in part controversial,—being a reply to certain strictures by Capt. R. Fitzroy.—*Athenaeum.*

GREAT SALE OF LITERARY PROPERTY.—Mr. Hodgson, Auctioneer, has concluded a rather extensive sale of literary property, comprising neraly half a million volumes, and the copyrights and stereotype plates of numerous illustrated and other popular works. Among the more important sales effected, were the following:—Knight's Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature, 2 vols. folio, 4,000 parts and 11,000 numbers, with copyright and stereotype plates, which sold for 600*l.* The Pictorial Gallery of Arts, also Knight's, 2 vols. folio, stock, copyright and plates, brought 850*l.* The stock, copyright and plates of Kitto's Pictorial Sunday Book were knocked down at 560*l.*; ditto of Pictorial Half-Hours, 4 volumes, 105*l.* The stereotype plates of Mr. Knight's Shakspeare sold for 320*l.*, and those of South's Household Surgery, for 210*l.* The copy rights and plates of some of the most popular of Knight's Shilling Volumes were disposed of at the same sale, and realized a good market price. The copyright of "How to observe," was sold for 2*l.* 10*s.* The sale attracted the general attendance of the trade.

The success of experiments at Nancy has induced the French Minister of War to recommend that linen in all military hospitals shall be washed by steam. The Emperor has issued a decree to carry out the experiment.

The consumption of cigars in the Austrian states is said to have increased from 28 millions, in 1841, to 800 millions, yearly, at the present time.





Engraved by J. C. Rutten

